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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Glory of the Desert

THERE is a careless fertility in good books not to be mistaken. Dickens could have written endlessly of Pickwick or Shakespeare of Hamlet or Cervantes of Don Quixote. A thousand scenes, one guesses, just failed to get in.

The great narratives in literature seem almost casual; so much happens without and within, above and below, their lines that each incident or detail has the virtue of the one thing the memory chooses among many less pithy, but unforgot. The story of the Hebrew kings, the Iliad, Troilus and Cressida, Robinson Crusoe, Cellini's Memoirs, Borrow's Lavengro, are such books. The right reservoir from which to write is a life full to capacity of noted experience, although imagination will make much of less. Out of such a mind the right words come, for none can be empty with such fulness behind.

"Revolt in the Desert," Colonel Lawrence's Chanson de Geste, is a book of this calibre. Much of it, he would probably say, is casual, lifted probably from notes thrust down in burning noons or frozen nights in the desert. Its finest actions have the stark brevity of the medieval romance of war; characters stalk in, ride out, with the suddenness of life; there is no labored preparation for excitement or wonder. And yet the words are charged with the tension of his crusade; they echo in your mind as you read on through camel raid, ambush, or wild attack, and if the story pauses long enough for emotion, they group into passages of prose so admirable that the critical faculty hesitates to appraise them. The Morte D'Arthur, which Lawrence carried in his saddle bags, is spiritually akin to the romance which this realist of battles, whose job was to organize Arabia and beat the Turks, kept at arms length but was ever aware of as an aura upon the fight and sweat and intrigue of his desert war.

Good style may charm with the first carefully modulated paragraph and lead on the reader by pure delight in the excellence of writing. But the great style is not like that. You read for the mounting theme: it is only in full course that you realize with sudden thrill that what you are reading is not only interesting but beautiful, that it is style as well as story. Beside Lawrence's tightly girthed book, with its air of matter of fact detailing incredible adventures, the mannered narrative of merely literary stories seems brittle and glassy.

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Lawrence and his companions, setting out to destroy the great bridge at Tell el Shehab, meet their hoped-for allies, the Serhan tribe, chanting a war song as they wave cloaks and sleeves in the air in a rush across the desert. But the bridge is guarded, the Serahin are afraid. At night, around a campfire, Lawrence and Mifleh began to combat "this crude prudence of the Serahin, which seemed all the more shameless to us after our long sojourn in the wilderness."

"We put it to them, not abstractedly, but concretely, for their case, how life in mass was sensual only, to be lived and loved in its extremity. There could be no rest-houses for revolt, no dividend of joy paid out. Its spirit was accretive, to endure as far as the senses would endure, and to use each advance as base for further adventure, deeper privation, sharper pain.

"To be of the desert was, as they knew, a doom to wage unending battle with an enemy who was not of the world, nor life, nor anything, but hope itself; and failure seemed God's freedom to mankind.

"There could be no honor in a sure success, but much might be wrested from a sure defeat. Omnipotence and the Infinite were our two worthiest foemen, indeed the only ones for a full man to meet, they being monsters of his own spirit's making; and the stoutest enemies were always of the household. In fighting Omnipotence, honor was proudly to throw away the poor resources that he had, and dare Him empty-handed; to be beaten, not merely by more mind, but by its advantage of better tools.

"This was a halting, half-coherent speech, struck

(*Continued on page 691*)

Little Lives, Little Deaths

By ELSA GIDLOW

SHE thought to play with life, to taste and sip.
Never for her the fierce, white, terrible face
Of life unveiled, life with the snarling lip;
Never for her the flood, the flame, swift pace
Of passionate quest. Playfully she would dip
Half-frightened feet in the great sea, and race
With the waves. But not so fast as to trip.
She read, but always in a quiet book,
Never of souls mis-shapen or agonized.

She loved (with reservations) and forsook
The lover when love became too deeply prized.
She thought to play with life. . . . Life smiled.
Life struck.
Life broke her with the toys she half despised.

This Week

James Ford Rhodes: Historian. By *Oswald Garrison Villard.*

"By Cheyenne Campfires." Reviewed by *Mary Austin.*

"River Thames." Reviewed by *Clare Howard.*

"Our Far Eastern Assignment." Reviewed by *Grover Clark.*

"Max Havelaar or the Coffee Sales of the Netherlands Trading Company." Reviewed by *A. J. Barnouw.*

"Ironical Tales." Reviewed by *Arnold Whitridge.*

"As It Was." Reviewed by *Bray Hammond.*

"Andy Brandt's Ark." Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*

The Typhoon Junk. By *William Rose Benét.*

The Century. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

James Fenimore Cooper. By *Henry Seidel Canby.*

"The Old Countess." Reviewed by *Katharine Fullerton Gerould.*

"Love Is Enough." Reviewed by *Edward Davison.*

The Comstock Load*

By ELMER DAVIS

THIS has been another Year of the Big Wind. Recurring as irregularly but as inevitably as Florida hurricanes, the censorship agitation has descended on us again; and it is still a little too soon to step out of doors and count up the damage. The visible results to date, in the sector of greatest activity, amount to this: The bestowal of long life and prosperity on a worthless play which was about to close when the police raided it, and the suppression of an excellent play, without due process of law, by a campaign of intimidation which reflects about equal discredit on the aggressors in the District Attorney's office and the victims, if one may flatter them by that title—the motion picture magnates who own the trade mark of the late Charles Frohman. *Quod erat exspectandum.*

At this writing it still seems possible that a new censorship law will be written on the statute books; but on the other hand it can be argued that this windy agitation has not been so ill that it has not blown somebody good. To that I shall return presently. Meanwhile one can only congratulate Miss Leech and Mr. Broun on the unforeseen timeliness of their biography of the man in whom the whole spirit of censorship is incarnate.** The late Anthony Comstock is already immortalized in legend, and legend is enough for most people. Yet a good many are apt to want the facts. And they will find the facts, together with much amusing and amazing history of New York in the period which was too hastily called the Age of Innocence, in this painstaking and perhaps too impartial biography.

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In another sense the book is timely; for as every schoolboy presumably knows (schoolboys must know something, and most of them know little enough of what used to be regarded as the subject matter of education) this is the first publication of the Literary Guild. As such it has set and upset precedents, compelled a re-examination of trade ethics and a re-rationalization of trade custom. Actually to read the *corpus delicti* in such a notable test case seems as irrelevant as poking into the private life of Dred Scott.

Read it, none the less, and you will be surprised to discover that the authors, contrary to the reader's expectation and perhaps to their own, have actually conceived an admiration for this Protestant St. Anthony. Finish it and you may have another surprise; at least I did. I discovered that this book had converted me to the principle, so beloved of the patriotic societies, that the business of biography is moral edification. A book that makes out Anthony Comstock as a human being, in whose defense extenuating circumstances may be urged, ought to be suppressed by the Vice Society as pernicious to the morals of American youth.

For all of us may appeal to extenuating circumstances; the argument that in the course of justice none of us should see salvation has been perverted into the genial contention that in the course of charitable good-fellowship all of us might as well see salvation. But such salvation as there is or ever will be (unless one accepts supernatural theories) must be achieved by hard work, and the criterion of a man's goodness or badness is whether he has helped or hindered. (If you don't believe this, read no

*With apologetic genuflections to Mr. Morley, who may forgive this infringement of his exclusive punning concession in *The Saturday Review*.

**—Anthony Comstock: Roundsman of the Lord. By HEYWOOD BROUN and MARGARET LEECH. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1927. $3.

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farther; you won't believe the rest of it either). Comstock was unquestionably sincere, as the saying goes; so are the authors of some of our most earnest and least readable sex fiction; so, I suppose, was Gerald Chapman. Sincerity by itself is a poor excuse; and while that is not the only thing that can be said for Comstock, it is the thing that Mr. Broun and Miss Leech appear to feel is worth saying most strongly.

They, it would seem, regard life from the standpoint of motive and intention, which is natural enough, for they are novelists. But it seems to some of us (and with the concurrence of so good a novelist as Samuel Butler) that life may more properly and usefully be regarded from the standpoint of results. Not what a man meant, but what he did—and if you say that what he did was not his own fault, but that of his environment or his ancestors, you are saying what may be true, but is irrevelant to the more urgent question of what all of us, together, are going to be able to do. Once begin making exculpatory allowances and you had better scamper back to the shelter of an atonement theory as quickly as you can, for that is the only place where you will find safety.

This book, of course, must have been finished before the recent outburst of censorious zeal; and Miss Leech and Mr. Broun may owe some of their excess of Christian charity to a conviction that the devil was already bound in the bottomless pit and that there was no use kicking a fiend who was down. If St. Michael, victorious, had sat down to write an obituary of the dragon, he might have felt a sportsmanlike impulse to deal generously with the record of that old serpent; which he would no doubt have regretted if the dragon had come out of his coma and started the fight all over again after the paper had gone to press. A year ago it might have seemed safe to dance Comstock's scalp; but he is not dead so long as our statute books are weighted down with the oppressive and unreasonable laws which he devised and lobbied through. These are the burden of Anthony, the Comstock load.

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Probably there will never be another Comstock; he was a unique and peculiar embodiment of an undying spirit, which existed before him and would still persist if he had never lived at all. The current reformatory enthusiasm is in the main a rather different thing, but true Comstockery still survives. See, for instance, the long letter attacking the Broun-Leech biography which lately appeared on the editorial page of a New York paper. Much of this tirade is demonstrably untrue, and extremely unfair to the exhaustive research which has gone into the book; most of the rest—a fault perhaps more serious and certainly more Comstockian—is wholly irrelevant.

The irrelevance is the familiar argument of Comstock's defenders—his service to the community in the suppression of the smut pamphlets which seem to have been openly on sale everywhere, sixty years ago. How much harm this printed filth did is open to question, but it is hard to see that it ever did any good. Mr. Broun, in an appended essay on censorship, argues that such works as "Only a Boy" vaccinate impressionable youth against the undesirable glamor of sex. Perhaps; but they are quite as likely to vaccinate against the desirable glamor, if one holds that there is such a thing. No tears need be shed over this first stage of Comstock's activity; but it is going pretty far to treat it as full justification for the later Comstock who attacked wax figures in show windows, and "Mrs. Warren's Profession"—or to treat it, as Brander Matthews did a few years ago, as justification for the Sumner who prosecuted "Jurgen."

Indeed, one finishes the book with the impression that there was a deeper irrelevance in Comstock's crusades against pornography and what he thought was pornography. His abnormal fear and hatred of sex or anything that suggested it to his superheated mind was, after all, not his dominant characteristic. Essentially he was a bully; if the human race were asexual, reproducing by fission, Comstock would still have been a nuisance. Courage he certainly had and plenty of it—but he was a large and powerful man who could reasonably count on getting the best of any physical encounter; and behind him, after the first few years, he had the Law, which in that less sophisticated day was still some protection against the knife and the gun.

Possibly the most significant sentence in the book is a quotation from Comstock's diary, occasioned by no more flagitious an occurrence than a game of croquet with his wife and a few friends: "I insisted on fair play and some thought different." There, in a line, is the biography of Anthony Comstock. What he insisted on was fair play, and God help those who "thought different."

His first feat was the famous killing of the saloon keeper's mad dog, in his home town in Connecticut; his next the destruction of the saloon keeper's stock. During his Civil War service he seems to have spent most of his time in trying to keep the army from swearing and smoking. Not till he returned from the war, in that state of mind of the returned soldier which has been blamed for so much of late years, did he turn his chief attention to the preservation of what he regarded as purity. In a decade or so his victory over his first enemy was complete; the obscene pamphlets which had provoked him into an activity that had made him famous had been driven into a furtive obscurity from which they have never since emerged. And here was Comstock, famous, powerful, with the laws of his own writing behind him, his own hand-made fighting machine, the Vice Society, at his command—and his occupation gone. Not unnaturally he made himself more occupations, and some of them were grotesque enough.

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Some of them were worse than that. He appointed himself the champion of orthodoxy and found the free-love doctrines of earnest atheists an excuse for persecuting them less as free lovers than as atheists. He drove to suicide an unbalanced woman guilty of writing a book which endeavored, however clumsily, to make marriage more decent and beautiful—but this was only one of fifteen suicides which he was proud of having inspired, and the last one. As time passed people stopped committing suicide to gratify him; sex appeared less of a peril, contributions to the Vice Society decreased, the world seemed moving away from Comstock. Desperately he tried to catch up with it, tried this and that. He spent much time attacking lotteries, and local gambling houses which were by-products of political corruption. But a short-sightedness that sprang inevitably from his temperament and upbringing confined him to accidentals; he was unable to diagnose the disease of which protected gambling and protected prostitution were symptoms, and so he missed the chance of his lifetime. The more intelligent Parkhurst grasped political corruption as a whole; on that issue he got the spotlight, and thrust Comstock into a shadow from which he never really emerged.

He descended to raiding art stores, trying to suppress the catalogue of the Art Students' League, turning "September Morn" from an unimportant painting into a valuable commercial property; he essayed to abolish Bernarr MacFadden and Bernard Shaw; but he seldom got anywhere. As Mr. Broun observes, he had finished the giants and there was no one left to fight but wind mills. He became a joke. His last effort of consequence, in 1914, was a protest against a French comedy of delicate and wistful beauty (naturally it looked revolting and obscene to Comstock) which the District Attorney simply laughed off. Whatever may be said on the other side, let that fact be remembered to the credit of Charles Seymour Whitman.

Yet still the soldier of the Lord kept on fighting, and not the Lord's battles only. More quarrelsome and ill-tempered as the years went by, he kept getting into fights, not with agents of Satan selling implements of sin, but with lawyers who dared to cross-examine him, with pedestrians who resented being knocked down because they brushed against him on crowded sidewalks. He had pampered his overbearing and bellicose disposition because he had been big enough and strong enough to get away with it; when he grew too old to win his fights, he still could not help provoking them. Here, plainly, was the ruling passion of his life; his pathological sex phobia merely happened to give it a picturesque direction.

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Well, what did he accomplish? Comstock is gone but Shaw and MacFadden are still with us; and between Comstock and MacFadden it would be uncharitable to express a preference. Sex is still with us, for all Comstock's efforts; rather noticeably with us, one might say. But certainly the deliberate obscenity of our time—and without going into the question of what is and is not obscene, one may remark that obviously there is a good deal on the stage and the news stands today which at least tries to be obscene—is more suave, less repulsive than the obscenity which Comstock drove underground. Unless you hold with Comstock that sex is sin, that improvement in taste—much room as is left for further improvement—is something gained.

But not all of that credit can be given to Comstock; it is a change in the popular temper, the popular taste; it might have happened without him. Indeed, with the notable exceptions of his law-making and his stimulation of suicide, it is rather hard to see just what he did accomplish. Which, apparently is the conclusion of our authors. Comstock had his virtues; he lived plainly and died poor though he could often have enriched himself by giving up his crusades. Nor was he a hypocrite; despite what seems to have been an extraordinarily tepid marriage this "strong, virulent man" (to borrow the unforgettable phrase of a lady peace delegate on the Ford party) was never charged with sexual laxity. To the psychiatrist, that would perhaps give no great surprise; his was the lust of the eye, which could be fed by the immense stock of obscene books and pictures which he had to retain as evidence.

His faults, to some extent, were those of his time; the decisions of various judges quoted in the book were even more savage than Comstock's own outbursts; some of them virtually decided that accusation was conviction, that no defense could be offered, that the book on which the complaint was based was too obscene to be offered to the jury. And in general, in the 'seventies and 'eighties, he had the support of public opinion; his principles were those professed by most respectable people, his only difference was that he was willing to act on those principles even at the cost of making himself ridiculous. The authors appear to feel that it is creditable not to be afraid of looking ridiculous; and no doubt it is. But from the pragmatic point of view the fear of looking ridiculous has prevented an immense amount of harm to the innocent bystanders.

Times have changed; current opinion permits a freedom of expression on sexual matters that would have been unthinkable ten years ago; but for a few enthusiasts—most of whom know as little about art as the average reformer does about purity—that is not enough. It is not the Comstockians who give body to the current censorship agitation; it is a bloc of middle-of-the-road opinion which has been willing to move with the times, but will move so far and no farther. Thanks to a lunatic fringe of theatrical producers, who are not content with all the traffic will bear but want a little more, the stage, and somewhat less immediately the book market, are in peril of preventive censorship.

Argue all you like about the rights and wrongs of censorship in the abstract; this is a concrete question, and practically regarded, the behavior of the producers who have set off this latest explosion is no better than suicidal lunacy. Meanwhile, the demand for censorship has had at least this much effect—two or three plays which could have done no possible good, whether or not they would have done any harm, have been scared off without ever reaching the metropolitan stage. On this point, as on a good many others, the most sensible comment has been offered by Mr. Simeon Strunsky, who observes that what the stage needs is not censorship laws but censorship bills—a censorship always *in posse*, always threatening, to keep the lunatic fringe of the show business scared into a show of decency. That is what the stage needs; but what it may get, if it is not careful, is a preventive censorship which would open the way to unlimited jackasseries.

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Foremost among those who are telling the legislature that there ought to be a law is Mr. Comstock's successor; which might be taken as a tragic epitaph on Comstock who wrote the laws we have now. But the shoe, I am afraid, is on the other foot. Comstock's laws are still in force—the laws that make dissemination of contraceptive information obscenity by definition, the laws whose vague wording can be stretched as far as the inclination of the judge may go.

Of late years judges have shown a tendency toward common sense; hence the Clean Books League with its demand that all judges must be brought back to the ancient attitude that accusation is equivalent as conviction. They have not succeeded—yet; but meanwhile the laws are still there to be interpreted liberally or strictly as the individual judge may prefer. And what that means was shown in the decision on the application for injunction in the case of "The Captive"—a judge

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who admitted that this play could not possibly ha any intelligent and normal adult was constrained to refuse to permit its production on account of the hypothetical possibility that it might do injury to the young, the immature, the ignorant, or the sensually inclined. In other words, the diet permissible to all of us must be that prescribed for the weakest stomach; for fear that the wicked may be still further depraved, the pervert still further perverted, the clean and intelligent must be treated as of no account.

We owe that to Comstock. He was a psychopathic case; and if you say that we all are, more or less, it must be observed that in his instance it was considerably more. In his chosen field, this foul-minded man ruled the country for a couple of decades. The evil that he did lives after him, whatever good may be interred with his bones.

Glory of the Desert

(*Continued from page 689*)

out desperately, moment by moment, in our extreme need, upon the anvil of those white minds round the dying fire; and hardly its sense remained with me afterwards; for once my picture-making memory forgot its trade and only felt the slow humbling of the Serahin, the night-quiet in which their worldliness faded, and at last their flashing eagerness to ride with us whatever the bourne."

They go out together—and they fail.

The general interest in the picturesque incidents of Lawrence's career and the excitement of his story is so great that the merits of his book as pure literature are in some danger of being overlooked. This is a remarkable English that he writes, vigorous, beautiful, marvelously expressive, with phrases of description that shoot fire. It recalls Borrow and De Quincey, but its magic is Lawrence's own, the restraint, the poetry, the flashing sentences that reveal long meditation, his alone. His, too, the touches of characterization befitting an officer of the intelligence service, but written with the cogency of literary art: Sheikh Auda the magnificent ruffian, Feisal the veiled prophet, Abd el Kader the traitor, Abdulla el Nahabi—

"There entered over the noiseless sand an Ageyly, thin, dark, and short, but most gorgeously dressed. He carried on his shoulder the richest Hasa saddle-bag I had ever seen. Its woollen tapestry of green and scarlet, white, orange and blue, had tassels woven over its sides in five rows, and from the middle and bottom hung five-foot streamers, of geometric pattern, tasselled and fringed.

"Respectfully greeting me, the young man threw the saddle-bag on my carpet, saying 'Yours,' and disappeared suddenly, as he had come. Next day, he returned with a camel-saddle of equal beauty, the long brass horns of its cantles adorned with exquisite old Yemeni engraving. On the third day he reappeared empty-handed, in a poor cotton shirt, and sank down in a heap before me, saying he wished to enter my service. He looked odd without his silk robes; for his face, shrivelled and torn with smallpox, and hairless, might have been of any age; while he had a lad's supple body, and something of a lad's recklessness in his carriage.

"His long black hair was carefully braided into three shining plaits down each cheek. His eyes were weak, closed up to slits. His mouth was sensual, loose, wet; and gave him a good-humored, half cynical expression. I asked him his name; he replied Abdulla, surnamed el Nahabi, or the Robber; the nickname, he said, was an inheritance from his respected father. His own adventures had been unprofitable. . . . Merit made him a petty officer, but too much attention was drawn to his section by a habit of fighting with daggers, and by his foul mouth; a maw of depravity which had eaten filth in the stews of every capital in Arabia. Once too often his lips trembled with humor, sardonic, salacious, lying; and when reduced, he charged his downfall to a jealous Ateibi, whom he stabbed in Court before the eyes of the outraged Sherif Sharraf . . . Ibn Dakhil said that the Nahabi rode second to himself, was a master-judge of camels, and as brave as any son of Adam; easily, since he was too blind-eyed to see danger. In fact, he was the perfect retainer, and I engaged him instantly."

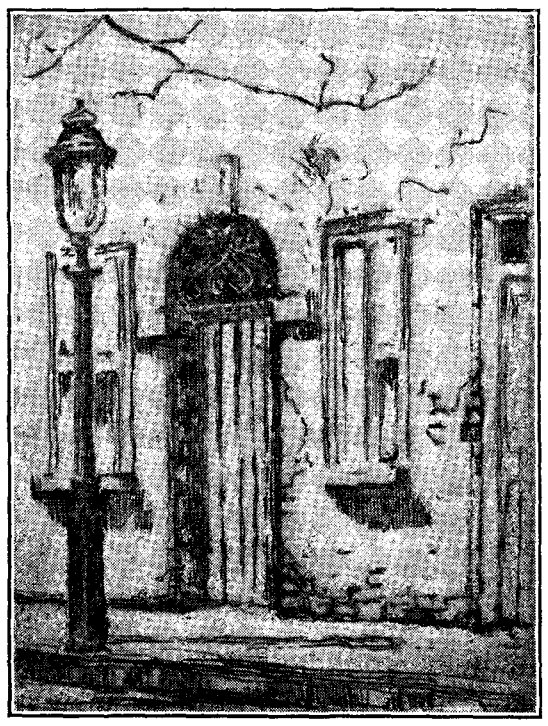
But why quote further? This is a saga of the desert, the by-product for literature of a great experience, which is likely to be read when Feisal's kingdom, except for it, is long forgotten.

Rhodes, Historian

By Oswald Garrison Villard

ALL his life James Ford Rhodes suffered and profited from the distinction that he was a very rich man who had gone in for the writing of the history of his country. It is the unwritten rule in America that once a business man always a business man; that the pursuit of money having once been taken up shall be exchanged only for the grave. We read with pride and joy the news that a centenarian bank president went to his office every day until a few months before his death. In England they do things differently, but an Austin Dobson leading an important business life and a vital literary life side by side is almost unknown in America. So when James Ford Rhodes stopped the making of millions to become a liter'y feller there was gossip no end. His business associates shook their heads and watched the performance. Had they known what Charles Lamb said when his dog performed antics he could not understand, they too, would have cried: "Please God his intellectuals be not slipping."

On the other hand, Mr. Rhodes had to justify his appearance among the historians to his established brethren of the craft, who were naturally inclined to regard the first writings of this middle-aged business man—he was forty-four when his first book appeared—as one might the achievements of a promising prodigy. But those first two volumes of "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850" established Mr. Rhodes's position at once in the front rank of American historians. He might



Catfish Row, mentioned by DuBose Heyward in "Porgy."
From an etching by Elizabeth Verner, of Charleston

be the brother-in-law of Mark Hanna; he might be, as he was then, without a college degree; he might be without a single historical monograph to his credit, but there could be no doubt as to the value of his interpretation of our political life in the crucial anti-slavery period. It was and is of the best.

He was a relative of Stephen A. Douglas, and son of one of the men who nominated Douglas at the Baltimore convention in 1860. These Whig Democrats were loyal to the core when the Civil War came; indeed, their loyalty was intensified by the fact that secession ruined the chances of becoming President of the United States of the leader they adored. It follows from that background that James Ford Rhodes took an intensely Northern point of view. Where Woodrow Wilson felt that secession was technically and legally justified, Rhodes took the other position. For him the Southerners were always traitors and rebels. In the main he stood with Von Holst, though the latter laid greater stress upon the relation of the slavery question to our constitutional history and believed that there were inevitable laws of political evolution to compel the working out of the slavery problem in the manner that it was solved. Mr. Rhodes, on the other hand, did not feel that the abolition agitation was unceasing and canstantly swelling, but that it had its high and low tides, its advances and recessions, and in that he is borne out by some more recent researches. At any rate, he had a far clearer understanding of the constitutional side of the question than of the economic; the new school of economic causation of our political history had hardly come into being when he first wrote. Hence one lacks, in his discussion of the slavery question, as clear-cut an analysis of the economic factors and their compelling force upon the South, with all the evils of the single crop, as one gets of the political movements in the North. Men and measures he judged with extraordinary accuracy. His valuations of the Abolitionists, his studies of Douglas and Webster, are still notable and just—it is a great pity that he never undertook a biography of his hero, Douglas. Especially judicial was his treatment of the slavery system; up to the time that he wrote no one else had examined it in a similarly detached spirit, for he gave the opinions of its critics, the views of those who believed it a necessary evil, and the arguments of those who opposed it. Then he summed up and proved to the hilt the demoralizing character of the whole institution. Even then, curiously enough, he made little or no use of that work of the great English economist, Cairnes's "The Slave Power," which remains a monument of painstaking examination and an indictment of the system which was producing within itself its own ruination. But, as I have said, in economic understanding he was always lacking.

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Mr. Rhodes's means gave him one great advantage—he could employ a corps of highly trained assistants. Thanks to them the press of the period was searched with complete thoroughness. Certain incidents, like the yellow fever epidemic in New Orleans, he treated at great length and in the most attractive manner. Indeed, his history remains today one of the most readable. Never exalting the literary above the judicial, he wrote always with charity, good will, and sincerity, and with a freshness of style that charmed. Always he sought to judge like a judge upon the facts presented. It is for this reason that so many of his decisions stand. Thus nothing new has been developed which radically alters Mr. Rhodes's judgment of a figure like John Brown: with largely partisan material to work with he yet drew the proper conclusions. So it is with other subjects treated. He might not always keep the correct proportions, as when he dealt with the Perry expedition to Japan only in a footnote. But he seemed to have an uncanny ability to pick out underlying principles, to gauge men's motives justly, and to assay them and their acts with intuitive correctness. It is this that renders his work so reliable to this day. New evidence has, of course, appeared to modify some judgments. There is considerable question whether he himself would not have wanted to modify his opinions of the Reconstruction period, and the value of some of the Reconstruction governments. In the main, however, the second pair of volumes and the final fifth one only confirmed the high opinions formed of the first publication.

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Honors poured in upon him. Ten universities, including Oxford, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, bestowed honorary degrees upon him. He was President of the American Historical Association, given the Lobat prize by the Berlin Academy of Science in 1901, and the Gold Medal of the National Institute of Arts and Letters in 1910. With one work he had established his reputation. And with those five volumes the greatness of his contribution ends. To them he added before his death on January 22, 1927, some brilliant essays, an excellent series of lectures on the Civil War delivered at Oxford in 1913, and one volume of a history of the Civil War. In 1919 he published his "History of the United States from Hayes to McKinley" and three years later the "McKinley and Roosevelt Administrations," but they did not add to his renown; if anything they detracted from it. Especially in his last work did the influence of his personal relations count against his historical judgment and reliability. Thus he felt that "to no better team could the defense of the financial honor of the country have been confided than to McKinley and Hanna." Excellent is his analysis of the weaknesses of McKinley, and we are lastingly indebted to him for bringing out the fact that ours was a totally unnecessary war with Spain—the guilt for every drop of blood shed in it rests squarely upon McKinley's head. The explanation Mr. Rhodes gives is that McKinley surrendered to the war party when on the point of achieving everything that he

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asked for because he "feared a rupture in his own party, and on account of that fear had not the nerve and power to resist the pressure for war." This statement is, however, weakened by Mr. Rhodes's adding: "We may rest assured that if Mark Hanna had been President there would have been no war with Spain." For the rest, the book is superficial, inadequately documented, and quite lacking in the thoroughness that marked Mr. Rhodes's earlier work.

Nonetheless, Mr. Rhodes put his country under great obligation. No historian of the future can treat of the period from 1850 to 1870 without finding himself under lasting debt to this rich man turned historian. The largeness of his vision, the clarity of his style, the steady movement of his narrative, his ability to go to the heart of actions, especially military and naval, and to present their real significance in a way to appeal to the lay reader, and the justness of his portraits,—these are beyond being affected by the passage of time. To that extraordinarily limited group of writers who have made lasting fame and reputation by a single great work he definitely belongs.

Indian Culture

BY CHEYENNE CAMPFIRES. By George Bird Grinnell. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by Mary Austin

TO all who are interested in cultures other than their own, especially in culture in earlier stages than ours, in which the evolution of institutionalized society can be traced, a new book by George Bird Grinnell is always welcome. And that is not alone because Mr. Grinnell writes pleasantly, and with no thinnest veil of literary affectation between him and his subject, nor any attempt to obscure its values by heightening the effectiveness of his narration. Indeed, to the average reader, whose opportunities for observation of primitive cultures are few, and are likely to be rendered intellectually incompetent by the mere distraction of strangeness, one of his books is far more elucidating than many uninstructed contacts.

Mr. Grinnell specializes in the Plains tribes of the mid-western United States, in their transition stages between the hunting life and the beginning of settled habitations. The present volume deals with the Cheyennes after they had taken to themselves the Suhtii peoples and become a completely amalgamated group, and the collection of Campfire tales is prefaced with a short account of their history and tribal life. After that the Cheyenne is allowed to speak for himself in direct narration of both true and legendary incidents of war and hunting, and in hero myths and culture origin tales, and in the tales of mystery and magic which form so large a part of the imaginative literature of all primitive peoples. The proportion such groups of tales bear to the whole body of Cheyenne oral literature is interesting, and probably indicative of the literary taste of the new Stone Age everywhere.

The number of war and mystery tales is equal, and exceeds all other groups. Next in proportion come hero myths, and, least of all, the culture stories. This is what might be expected of the Stone Age; but only a little further south, among the agricultural stone age peoples, the mystery and culture tales will far exceed all others. Nowhere is anything listed that might be called a love tale as we understand it. Love enters as a constituent in many of these stories but never as the chief story interest; in every case what we are accustomed to call the sex interest is overlaid by the magic interest, or the elements of the war and food quests set in motion by the sex situation. In the eighteen War Stories, nine relate to tribal aggressions, six are motivated by pure love of the fighting adventure—in one of these a man has a dream of "seven or eight some kind of people" and taking several of his friends with him, sets out to kill them for the fun of it. Only two of the war stories seem to be motivated by greed, and even in these the adventure of stealing is superior to the desire of the property secured. All this is interesting in view of the modern effort to motivate all social activities to primary urges of which food and sex are predicated as the most compelling.

One can scarcely read his way very far into Mr. Grinnell's report of these first-hand tales, without coming to doubt seriously the most popular of our modern explanations of the origins of social usages. One sees man working his way up toward civilization, suffering at times from food shortage, but not yet socially oppressed by it, having very little more difficulty with his mating practices than the other animals have; but surrounded on every side by mysteries which his intellectual curiosity compels him to explain in some fashion, to defend himself from, or turn to his advantage; the mystery of fire and water, earth and air, the mystery of sleep and dreams, the mystery of death, and of the operations of his own mind; the consuming mystery of the differences between himself and the other animals.

Here, as in all of Mr. Grinnell's books, probably without the author's intention, we see man in the stage of culture in which he eats anything that comes to his hand, without feeling it always necessary to cook his food or, in our sense, clean it; in a state in which a few sticks and stones and the skin and bones of the animals he kills are his only material; chiefly occupied with music, with philosophy, with his relation to Immaterial Reality, and with that form of objective curiosity which we have since institutionalized as Science. And here, too, we are already confronted with the tragedy of Woman. Woman crying all night in her hut for the man who returns not, woman famished for want of the food that custom and convention have deprived her of the power to kill for herself, woman infinitely cunning in the utilization of the raw material her man brings home, and already uninterested in literature, in song, in politics, and in the ritualizing and institutionalizing of spiritual experience. Such a book as this, is, for the mind truly inquiring and not just greedy of a sop to intellectual unease, immensely more valuable than any half dozen of the highly rationalized volumes of social philosophy with which every publisher's list is seasonally crammed.

For this very reason that to get full value from it, Mr. Grinnell's book requires a fresh outlook and an unbiased approach, it will be passed over by the majority of readers. But even for those who can get nothing else from it, it is excellent travel and adventure.

Tirra, Lirra, by the River

RIVER THAMES. By F. V. Morley. Illustrated by Laurence Irving. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1927. $6.

Reviewed by Clare Howard

I KNOW a man whose first care, on reaching England by his maiden voyage, was to rush off to see the marriage of the Thames and the Medway, described in "The Faerie Queene." Such is the power of the demure Thames over men's affections, even after the American Revolution. Never did a river receive so much description as this one, nor get so crowded with brave ghosts, from Hengist to Charles Frohman; yet here is another tribute, from Frank Morley, richer than all the rest. Apparently artless, like the river, this narrative has an insidious charm which makes you follow every turn and winding, to see around this corner, and the next.

Thomas Love Peacock planned to write The Genius of the Thames, we learn, and travelled to Cricklade in 1809 to find the source of the river and to get ideas; but his trip was a dismal failure. Even the natives were not agreed which was the source, and Peacock obtained more ideas for a satire than for a panegyric, owing to his discovery of machinery to "suck the unborn waters from the bosom of the earth, and pump them into a navigable canal."

It has remained for Mr. Morley, less easily enraged by inappropriate foregrounds, to capture the Genius of the Thames. He does it in a chronicle that runs as softly as the river, but not sentimentally. "Wargrave has become that fatal thing—a resort of artists. . . . The taint of notoriety clings to Shiplake. . . ." Bumping cows and shocking other ladies make interludes of Chaucerian humor. None but an Oxonian knows how to get the full measure of possibilities on the river. A man must have a good deal in himself to enjoy such simple pleasures.

> Happy next him, who to these shades retires.
> Whom nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires:
> Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,—
> Successive study, exercise, and ease.

So Pope has put it.

Americans returning from the lands that Raleigh tried to colonize love the quaint littleness of England (Grandfather's cottage). They will particularly like this book, and vow to row from Abingdon to London this very summer. Nothing could be more remedial for the nerve-wrecked. "How I wish I could retire from this," said to me once a Detroit manufacturer of pig-iron, who had known better days at Andover—"retire—and read Jane Austen."

To such a one this narrative appeals. His heart will, as a little boat, glide down the Thames, past Kelmscott, where William Morris built his house in such a way that apples when they fell would tumble from the trees into his windows; past Godstow Nunnery whence Fair Rosamund was lured by Henry II; past Woodstock, where Alfred the Great labored to translate the Consolations of Boethius, "struggling, as he said 'to do his best';" past Folly Bridge, where Robert Burton, author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," used to come and hear the barge-men swear at one another—the only thing that ever made him laugh. The older Folly Bridge where Friar Bacon's tower stood, is not there now. "There was a prophecy to the effect that if anyone more learned than Bacon should pass beneath this tower, it would fall upon his head. The university authorities considered it unsafe, and had it taken down."

On this brimming writer goes,—to Marlow, where Shelley with his usual expansiveness, rented three houses in a row for twenty-one years, and having stowed in them his wife and his dependents, flung himself on the river all day long, "like a wild swan." Past Eton where pale Gray surveyed his school, invoking Father Thames to tell him who indulged in foot-ball now-a-days:

> Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
> Full many a sprightly race
> Disporting on thy margent green
> The paths of pleasure trace;
> Who foremost now delight to cleave
> With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
> The captive linnet which enthral?
> What idle progeny succeed
> To chase the rolling circle's speed
> Or urge the flying ball!

Past Woburn, where lived the notorious Philip, Duke of Wharton, in Queen Anne's time.

> Nothing is left of the mansion but a part of the stables and a dovecote without doves. In less than ten years, something of a record even in those days, Wharton dissipated the fortunes he inherited; choosing his way, he went, with astonishing celerity, to chronic drunkenness, to destitution, to years of tattered beggary abroad, and finally to death in a Franciscan Monastery at Poblet, Catalonia. His age at death was thirty-two.

On the other side, at Horton, lived the archangel Milton, at the age of twenty-four letting his wings grow and preparing to fly. In spite of the appreciation he has left of country joys, in "L'Allegro," we read his grumbling to his friend Deodati: "You know in what obscurity I am buried and to what inconveniences I am exposed."

Wanders the hoary Thames along his silver-winding way. . . . Here Matthew Arnold lies at Laleham, there Izaak Walton angled. Richmond draws near, where Queen Elizabeth made her last voyage on the river, when her body was brought to Whitehall. Thames was a highway then. "Innumerable boats for hire lay at all the public stairs; at no place save Venice could one savour such waterman's cries as the noisy Eastward Ho and Westward Ho with which the watermen assailed their customers—there were 40,000 names on the rolls of the Waterman's Company. . . ."

Round this turn, round the next—The Isle of Dogs, where Bill Sykes—Limehouse Docks—Mulatto Girl. . . .

"How small the map of Britain is on paper, and yet how packed with fancies. . . ."

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Across the Pacific

OUR FAR EASTERN ASSIGNMENT. By FELIX MORLEY. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926. $2 net.

Reviewed by GROVER CLARK

SO much is happening in the Far East, and so many conflicting forces are at work there, that years of study and many volumes would be required to present anything like a complete and comprehensive view of the entire situation. It is possible, however, as Mr. Morley has demonstrated, for a trained observer with a sincere desire to understand the point of view of the peoples of the Far East, to see the main issues and present them in brief but clear form. "Our Far Eastern Assignment" does not pretend to be a weighty discussion of all the problems of the Far East. It does achieve its purpose of being simply a sketch in broad strokes of what is happening in Japan, China, and the Philippines, particularly of the main currents of thought and aspiration of the peoples of these countries and of the underlying economic causes for the turn which developments are taking. From one point of view the book is perhaps superficial. Yet the man who wants a non-technical and interestingly written general background for the day-by-day news reports of Far Eastern events will find this book invaluable, even though—necessarily, because of its brevity—it is in some ways incomplete.

Since Mr. Morley went to the Far East from the United States, it is natural that the first chapters of his book are devoted to the first country he entered: Japan. He begins his discussion, wisely, with a consideration of what he calls "Japan's Inescapable Problems."

> America (he says) has never had to face the two essential, harassing problems before Japan: the first, how to find a livelihood for her crowded population without disturbing the rights and sensibilities of other nations; the second, how to complete the transformation from feudalism to democracy without losing the basic spiritual values inherited from a less prosaic and competitive past.

Mr. Morley later brings out the fact that "an economic urge far more acute than that which forced our own pioneers westward to subjugate the Indian tribes was primarily responsible for Japanese expansion between 1894 and 1914." Yet, as he also points out, ideals of popular government and international fair dealing have won increasing hold on the minds of the Japanese people, with the inevitable consequent clash between the older and the newer leaders in both domestic and foreign policy. To this phase of the situation Mr. Morley devotes several short chapters, including one on "Japanese-American Relations."

On the whole, Mr. Morley's presentation of the problem is sound. He does not, however, give perhaps sufficient emphasis to one point.

* * *

Events have made it clear that in recent years the official foreign policy of the Japanese Government, particularly in its dealings with China, has been increasingly friendly. The cause of this change has been a shift in the actual control of that policy from the military to the civilian elements in the government, rather than a change in the point of view of either the War Office or the Foreign Office. This shift has come as a result of the growth of democracy in Japan. It is not yet complete—the War Office still sometimes acts and leaves it to the Foreign Office to explain as best it may—but there has been a real shift of control within the Japanese Government itself. This consequence of domestic political developments in Japan is in many ways one of the most important new aspects of the Far Eastern situation because the change in control of Japan's policy toward China very materially affects the whole range of Sino-foreign relations.

Japan's peculiar position in Manchuria, and the recent revival of the old conflict between Russian, Japanese, and Chinese interests in that region, are ably summarized in the chapter on "Japan in Manchuria" which makes the transition to the main part of the book—the chapters on China.

It is in these chapters particularly that Mr. Morley shows his ability to present comprehensibly the main outlines of the situation; a situation which to many westerners, including many of those resident in China, is a hopeless muddle but which is in essence relatively simple. Drawing too close parallels between the East and the West is dangerous. Mr. Morley avoids this danger, but he does make enough comparisons to help the westerner to understand what is happening in China, and why. He points out, too, with reasonable impartiality, why it is that serious misunderstandings and mutual misconceptions in many cases have arisen between the Chinese and the foreigners.

In view of all the current talk about the lack of unity in China, Mr. Morley's chapter on "Factors in Unification" is of special interest. The industrial, commercial, educational, and other forces which so powerfully are at work welding China together are illustrated in some detail. As Mr. Morley makes clear, the underlying unifying factors in China—those touched on in this chapter as well as the common tradition and literature—are far more significant than the politico-military disrupting influences which at present are causing such commotion on the surface of Chinese life.

For the sake of brevity it was necessary, of course, to omit from this book the discussion of many important aspects of the Chinese situation. One might have wished, however, that Mr. Morley had given somewhat more space to the historical background of the present developments. Stated in the most general terms, what is happening in China today is the result of the impact of modern western civilization on the people and civilization of that country. A century and a quarter of steadily more intimate contact between China and the West lies behind present events in China, and even the most recent expressions of Chinese nationalism are the product of the slow development of national self-consciousness rather than simply a mushroom growth of the last few years.

The book concludes with three short chapters on the Philippines. The various economic, political, and nationalistic problems involved in American control of those islands are discussed, with illustrative details as needed. A proper sense of perspective has led Mr. Morley to concentrate the discussion chiefly on what is the essential problem: the conflict between the ideas of those Americans who believe the United States, for various reasons, should retain control indefinitely and the growing demand of the Filipinos for full control of their own affairs.

No one will agree completely with everything Mr. Morley says about the Far Eastern countries. But this book does give a broadly-sketched and substantially accurate picture of what is going on across the Pacific. For the man who seeks to understand but who lacks the opportunity to spend much time in study and travel in the Far East, it should prove most valuable—and it is interestingly written.

Romance and Reality

MAX HAVELAAR OR THE COFFEE SALES OF THE NETHERLANDS TRADING COMPANY. By MULTATULI (1860). Translated from the Dutch by W. Siebenhaar. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by A. J. BARNOUW
Columbia University

MULTATULI, "I have suffered much," was the pen-name of Eduard Douwes Dekker (1820-1887). The choice of that pseudonym was not a beggarly device for catching alms of literary notice from compassionate critics and a sentimental public. He did not shamelessly exploit his suffering; he proudly proclaimed it as the reason for his existence as an author, even as a martyr is made by his pain. Overcome in his single-handed fight for justice, Dekker drew inspiration from the bitterness of defeat and through the style of Multatuli vindicated Max Havelaar's cause. For the book is an autobiography, the story of Dekker's short career as a Government official in the Dutch East Indies.

As a *controleur* of Lebak, a district of the Bantam Residency, West Java, he found the native population over which he was made guardian impoverished by the extortions of their native prince and depleted by the emigration of those who preferred exile to misery at home. That native ruler was not a wicked despot, he only did what native ruders in Java had been accustomed to do from time immemorial. He was not worse than the majority of his type, the effect of his exactions was only more conspicuous in his regency because the soil there was less fertile than elsewhere and the people less able to bear up under the customary extortions. The Dutch authorities were loath to interfere, for the removal of a hereditary ruler was against their proved system of governing the natives through their own princes. They felt that Dekker, by insisting that the central government at Batavia should be notified of the Regent's malpractices, would detract from a great and time-honored tradition in order to redress a small abuse. Hence his zealous advocacy of the native fell on deaf ears. The Governor General, displeased with the manner in which he had proceeded, relieved him from his duties in Lebak and ordered his transfer to a different post. But Dekker, preferring martyrdom to discipline, asked and obtained his honorable discharge.

That is the reality which Dekker turned into the romantic story of Max Havelaar. It matters little whether the tale be untrue, as has been charged, to the facts of his experience. It suffices that Dekker honestly believed it to be true in every detail, and in the fire of his indignation he moulded his speech into a style that struck home by its directness and simple beauty. He was conscious of his art and of the power that it carried. "I do my best," he once wrote, "to write living Dutch, although I have gone to school." The sarcasm was prompted by a deeper feeling than mere pleasure in paradox. A rebel by temperament, he hated school for its choking grip on originality, and that same spirit of revolt made him resist the grip of officialdom on life in Java and, as a writer, shake off the grip of the literary standard upon the language, which squeezed all expression into stereotyped forms. The rebel in action becomes a reformer in retrospect, and Multatuli, whom his contemporaries denounced as a dangerous revolutionary, is now honored as a pioneer of liberating thought in education, in colonial government, and most of all in literary art.

Dekker was equally original and defiant of accepted standards in constructing his story. He set the picture of Havelaar among the Javanese in a framework of satirical allegory which was to reveal the ultimate cause of the evil that his hero opposed. The selfishness of Holland's *bourgeoisie satisfaite*, which fattened on the proceeds of Javanese labor and cared not for Javanese misery, was at the root of it all. In Batavus (i.e. Hollander) Drystubble, Amsterdam coffee broker, that bourgeoisie is personified and ridiculed. He is a complacent coxcomb and a hypocrite, he is prosaic and devoid of all sense of humor, prosperity is his gospel, and he considers his own success in business proof of divine satisfaction.

Drystubble, in the first person, opens the story, with his philistine ways. He has met an old schoolmate in the street, a destitute fellow without overcoat, of whose acquaintance he is rather ashamed. But the man may prove useful. For Shawlman, as he calls him—a shawl being his only protection against the cold—has sent him a pile of manuscripts in the hope that the rich broker, for old acquaintance' sake, would be willing to underwrite the publishing costs of a first issue, were it only of a small volume. Shawlman has been in the Dutch East Indies,—for he is identical with Multatuli and Max Havelaar—and among his miscellaneous writings are some articles on Java and native labor that contain matter of great value to coffee brokers. They have to be rewritten for Drystubble's purpose, and a young German in his office, Ernest Stern, undertakes the task on condition that Drystubble shall not change an iota of his story. This, it is true, does not please the broker, but the spring sale is at hand, and as no orders have come in yet from old Ludwig Stern, who is a great coffee merchant in Hamburg, Drystubble does not want to antagonize the son. Besides, he himself will write a chapter now and then to give the book an appearance of solidity. And so to their combined, or rather alternating, efforts the reading public in Holland owed the book that Stern calls "Max Havelaar," but which Drystubble would entitle "The Coffee Sales of the Netherlands Trading Company."

The fiction that the chapters containing Havelaar's story was the work of a German is part of the satire. A nation of Drystubbles does not produce the talent that can do justice to so moving a tale. It needed a son from the land of Goethe and Schiller to enter into the romantic spirit of Havelaar's tragedy. Among the pile of Shawlman's manuscripts, Drystubble found one on "The Homage paid to Schiller and Goethe in the German Middle-class." Drystubble, who is the middle-class of Holland, calls all poetry a parcel of lies. And yet, that bourgeoisie of Drystubbles proved alive to the beauty of Stern's story of Max Havelaar. It had even sufficient sense of humor to enjoy its caricature in Batavus, the broker. His name became a byword, his type a laughing stock among the very nation which in him was satirized. Drystubble's success in literature became his defeat in life.

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Irony or Fantasy?

IRONICAL TALES. By LAWRENCE HOUSMAN. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

THE reader who turns to this collection of tales, as he might turn to Max Beerbohm or Aldous Huxley, in the hope of being entertained at the expense of self-righteous, thick-headed Philistines, and of being flattered with the sense of his own more nimble wit, will be disappointed. In this volume Mr. Lawrence Housman is only occasionally ironical, and there is no appeal to the inner circle of initiated readers that true irony presupposes. He is fantastic rather than ironical and unfortunately the fantasy is too often cribb'd, cabin'd, and confined. Whenever the author lets himself go as in the delightful story "Lady into George Fox,"—in which the curious adventures are related of the clergyman's wife who refused to be baptized, nothing could be more delightful, but Mr. Housman's fantasy is too apt to take a didactic rather than a humorous turn. Variations upon the theme "put not your trust in princes" do not excite our interest, even when they conclude with the noteworthy sage reflection that it is sometimes "more dangerous to force beings into the paths of virtue than to attract them into the ways of vice."

In "The Real Temptation of St. Antony," one of the few strictly ironical tales in the book, Mr. Housman advances a thoroughly twentieth century view of asceticism. On the theory that the saint is merely speculating upon a higher rate of interest at a later date and that throughout his self-inflicted tortures he is always guilty of the sin of pride, he concludes that the saint is no less a sinner than the libertine. It is an ingenious theory but we are not entirely convinced that St. Antony or St. Simon Stylites were the calculating go-getters that Mr. Housman suggests.

A Woman's Recital

AS IT WAS. By H. T. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926 $2.50.

Reviewed by BRAY HAMMOND

THE immediate response to the first reading of this extraordinary book—and to its second reading, too—is one of exaltation; which is a mood aroused so rarely by contemporary writing that one is astonished to experience it. Nevertheless, it is so; against the strong negative current of sophistication that one takes for granted in literature nowadays there actually comes this recital of a woman's absorption in love—and in motherhood as the consummation of love. It rehabilitates Nature.

Yet the inappropriateness of generalizing from the story, "As It Was," is certain: the outward experience may be common enough, but the spirit in which the experience was lived is unique and inimitable. Even excellent mothers will not accept the account of childbirth. The truth of the story and its poignancy are held in the crystal of one personality—the author's, who was the wife, Mr. Middleton Murry in his Foreword says, of the English poet, Edward Thomas, killed in the War. The spirit expressed by her personality, however, even though it defies generalization, is not a barren thing, hopelessly unique. It has just such virtue as faith has in its traditional antithesis to works. For it stands, poised and ultimate, behind the events of a life, shining through them and giving them all their light. It is a spirit that is earth-born, positive, harmonious with life, unsocialized, pagan. Its expression doesn't lie in contradiction of Nature, but in affirmation of her. And the significance of this is not that such affirmation leads one into conventional irregularities—which it probably will; but that regardless of those irregularities, the soul behind them is made full of a purely noble animal faith.

As for the irregularities, they are not the sort that comes from a hard collision with restraints and a weakening of them. In "As It Was" unconventionality is no such negative escapade—it is the natural fruit of a personality so close in a Wordsworthian sense to the heart of Nature that the social ideas it encounters simply disappear impalpably before it. The result is a life without inhibitions, and a book written with unhesitating intimacy. Both are remarkable.

The narrative has unquestionably gained in beauty through the fact that these are not last year's events set down in this. The time of a generation has elapsed.

It was the *Yellow Book* period, and he was very much interested in the movement, though never carried away by it. I was rather repelled by it though as I was young and healthy, something in its breaking away from the old conventions appealed to me. I read "The Women Who Did," but having done likewise I was not impressed by it—it seemed to me a lot of fuss about nothing. I detested Aubrey Beardsley's drawings and loved Max Beerbohm's essays as they appeared in the *Yellow Book*.

This is a passage full of *gaucheries* of style, made charming by sincerity. Again:

So we walked on into the remote part of the Common among the trees, until we came to a beautiful little pool, where moorhens and coots lived in the reeds, and where water voles dipped out of the low bank into the water, making a sound like cream being stirred. Here we sat and paddled our feet in the water and ate our lunch. We were so quiet that the timid water creatures grew bold and birds skimmed over the water, and a flaming dragon-fly darted in the air round and round us, as if weaving us in a web of rainbow colors.

How remote from the mind of the woman who wrote these words are abstract considerations about unconventionality and animal faith! For her it is not a matter of philosophy, but a heart with memories. "It was the *Yellow Book* period." Thirty-three years ago—half of a life-time! Yet the story itself is deeply joyous; it is only by implication one realizes the tragedy of years and of change besetting the things that cannot change and of a darkened loveliness—for all the contrast of this present with that luminous past is withheld to be compressed into three small words: *as it was*.

Out of Life

ANDY BRANDT'S ARK. By EDNA BRYNER. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

IN a country where social and intellectual dislocations are for the most part painless—where the sequence from bare feet to spats is a pleasant platitude and every newsboy who does not enter the senate becomes a bank president—we are apt to see only the romance implicit in this aspect of democracy. That some of these dislocations, however, involve personal tragedies is apparent to anyone who has walked through the campus of an American college during commencement week and watched clear-eyed, self-reliant seniors scuttling into dark corners with their drab, frightened, or apathetic parents. In other words, in a democracy one generation may be separated from another by something more than the normal wall between youth and age: that wall may be barbed and spiked with aversions and discords generated by the fact that the dwellers on one side have conquered for themselves a mental and physical environment unattainable to those on the other.

It is to this problem in its wider implications that Miss Bryner addresses herself, and she has written as true and honest a book as has come out of America in a long time. It is in part a painful book, for it exposes with ruthless intensity the spiritual ugliness of family bonds that torture, as well as bind. But it is so compact of deep thinking and feeling that those who value truth and honesty in fiction above mere diversion will gladly submit to the somewhat gruelling experience of reading it.

Andy Brandt, the heroine, is a girl who has broken with the traditions of her home and lifted herself by her pluck and energy out of its antagonisms, shiftlessness, and ignorance. After years of difficult experimentation she has succeeded in establishing for herself a gracious existence far from her own people. Called back into the mud and muddle of their world by a younger sister's need of her, she returns, something of a pilgrim, something of a crusader. She finds the various members of her large family all struggling stupidly and supinely with circumstances they cannot manage to control, each of them, despite their common failure, sucking in and spewing out again poisonous suspicions of the others. At the centre of this miasma sits Andy's mother—the most subtly suggested and terrifying real figure in the book—a sterile vine of a woman, tapping at the roots of her children, nourishing herself at their expense, and giving in return only mephitic shadows. The portrait of Mother Brandt is a masterpiece, and there are a number of other portraits almost as striking.

Moreover, throughout, there is the heat of searing experiences that burned till they got themselves written down. There is an intensity and sincerity, a raw, poetic realism that life, not art, has brought forth. Let no one be put off by the peculiar style of the work—especially at the beginning: if with its turgidity and perplexing omission of articles it seems at times to be compounded of Meredith, Henry James, and Gertrude Stein, at its best it can be both spare and limpid. And, as with Sherwood Anderson's prose, even its flaws contribute to its qualities. The centripetal self-consciousness of the heroine—her tendency to pick herself up by the roots and bid the reader, Behold!—also disappears when matter begins to transcend manner. Less defensible perhaps are the scrap-book impressions of America insinuated into the Prologue of Book IV. And one reader at least believes that Althea's letters to her sister as well as the masterly suggestion of Althea's mental disintegration at the end might have been advantageously curtailed.

But, as in the case of "An American Tragedy," we are dealing in this book with a reality that justly oversteps the pettiness of rules and preferences, with a kind of protoplasm that must make its own laws. Miss Bryner's next novel may be more artfully fashioned; it can hardly be more direct or more vital. "Andy Brandt's Ark" is an important contribution to American fiction because of the absolute sincerity with which it has approached a significant theme.

The Typhoon Junk

ON that dead sea like burnished brass
Becalmed within a soundless bell
Of sky and water smooth as glass,
To Jabez Stone this thing befell,—

To Jabez Stone, a son of Maine,
Aboard the barque, "Matilda Lee,"—
The thing that may not chance again
Till Azrael shrivel up the sea.

Its clear reflection moored the barque
Where Jabez lolled against the wheel;
And then, his head was raised to hark,
His eyes were drawn to points of steel.

First—'twas not there; and then—'twas there,
Distinct in blunt outlandish shape:
A craft evolved from empty air,
To stir his hair and fur his nape.

A prow grotesque, a slatted sail;
Ochre, vermilion, cobalt blue;
Sly grinning masks along the rail;
A silver furrow following through.

The air rang eddying round that ship;
High on its poop a lacquered lord
Sate plumed, with proud mustachioed lip,
Gripping a great two-handed sword.

In gorgeous silks, it seemed he slept,
Yet, at his moving lips' behest,
From each deep sleeve some dark thing crept
That crawled, all jeweled, on his breast.

Green-feathered, up the rigging's gold
Clung plump and twittering parrakeets;
Grey clambering lemurs from the hold
Seemed fruitage of the shrouds and sheets.

And then all hands stretched up full height,
Clanged gongs, and as a single man,
Behind the rail abased from sight. . . .
Far off an eldritch wail began;

It grew; it grew; the sky went dark
As Jabez clutched the wheel and peered.
Spectral with phosphorous glowed the barque.
The eldritch wailing neared and neared.

The junk burst forth in gold and red.
Aloft like spitting cats in flight
From taloned hands such sparkles fled
As, fusillading, filled the night.

With trailing tails of glittering gold
Beaked birds of fire through blackness screamed;
Incessant suns the midnight scrolled;
A wind arose like something dreamed,

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A wind whose violence took the breath,
And raised the sea and laid it low
And span it in a dance of death,
So fearfully it came to blow.

Then Jabez, bawling through the foam
To muddled hands at last aroused
Saw, brilliant as Aladdin's dome,
That golden junk, with purple housed,

Tilt high on waves that had no crest
Its birds, its apes, its lacquered lord
Ablaze with light,—his hands at rest
Upon his great two-handed sword;

While, all around, that eldritch wail
Swelled to a screech to wake the doomed:
For plain upon the slatted sail
A giant fire-bird perched and plumed,

Great pinions floating east and west
Of Titian and of Tyrian dye,
Its crested head upon its breast
Lit with a fixed and smouldering eye!

It glared. The world went whirling black
Where men might hardly cling and be,
Breath blown from mouth, shirt ripped from back,
In whirling spiralled sky and sea. . . .

And how the barque emerged from Hell
Still staggering through a dying blow
To drift dismasted down the swell
At ashen dawn, I do not know.

Perhaps because the things that seem
Have power beyond the crimsoned moon;
Perhaps that Jabez, in a dream,
Beheld the God of the Typhoon

Whose sorcery through disaster leapt
To save, and spread his warning wide
Lest others sleep as one had slept
Becalmed upon the Orient tide,

Even Jabez Stone, that son of Maine,
Aboard the barque, "Matilda Lee,"—
Which thing may never chance again
Till Azrael shrivel up the sea.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

To mark the centenary year of the death of William Blake, William Muir, of London, is preparing a colored reproduction of "The Songs of Innocence," 1789, and "The Songs of Experience," 1794.

This production of "The Songs of Innocence and Experience" is being made by Mr. Muir and his trained staff of artists from the Beaconsfield copy which was made for Isaac Disraeli, who was one of Blake's occasional patrons. It was presented to the British Museum by the widow of Bernard B. Macgeorge of Glasgow, and is one of the earliest colored copies. It was issued before four of the plates (which were issued with later copies) were engraved. These four plates will be reproduced from the other copy in the British Museum.

Mr. Muir has previously reproduced the Flaxman copy of "The Songs of Innocence," and the Hamilton Palace copy of "The Songs of Experience," but the coloring of each copy differs considerably. The edition will be strictly limited to 100 numbered copies for sale and five for presentation.

The recent death of Walter Lippincott, of the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, marks the passing of one of that generation of American publishers who served their profession during the reconstruction days following the Civil War. In his early years he was associated with his father, Joshua B. Lippincott, founder of the present company. As executive assistant in various capacities, Walter Lippincott was instrumental in enlarging the standard Lippincott lines and developing the sales and publicity departments. He was particularly well-fitted for the publishing profession both by a personal love for his work and by natural inheritance. In fact, the Lippincott establishment, like one or two of our other older publishing houses, exhibits that engaging English custom wherein generation after generation find their life work in the same profession. Publishers "bred in the bone" might well be said of them as now the third generation is at the helm.

The BOWLING GREEN

The Century

IN New York we think of the Twentieth Century Limited as just a train, but in Chicago she is an institution. The Century, as she is affectionately and familiarly called out there, makes her departure from the La Salle Street station with something of the circumstance of a crack liner leaving her pier. Visitors stand along the platform to see her off. Telephone booths, right beside her shining brass observation balcony, are busy until the last moment. There are even telephones in the observation car, disconnected at the last moment. That brass-railed platform at the end of the train seems, in those parting instants, as romantic as a Shakespearean set. The morale of the whole scene is magnificent. Porters have an air, and are double-tipped for it. The railroad conductor and the Pullman conductor, both stout, elderly, ruddy nabobs, confer like captain and staff captain on the bridge of *Mauretania*. She pulls out on the tick, and leaps at once into her long smooth stride. Behind you see the second section following, the big locomotive fluttering two green flags. I don't know how passengers, sitting softly in observation or club car, can settle down so promptly to the *Illustrated London News* or *Liberty*. It is all far too exciting.

* * *

And, just as in a big liner sailing from New York, as soon as you are off lunch is served. Going along the corridors you are thrilled by the intimate air of all those little compartments. Yourself, a mere occupant of a lower in the usual type of sleeper, feel a little humbled by those apartment-house cars that are all private cabins. You meet the train stenographer, he asks for your name "for the Train Register." "Oh," he says, "there's a gentleman looking for you, Mr. Soandso, a friend of Mr. Blank." (Mr. Blank has been your host in Chicago.) "What space have you got?" *Space*, I have learned, is the technical term for your location on a swell train. He tells me what Mr. Soandso's space is, so I can look him up. I am abashed to admit that I didn't: it was discourteous, but this was my first voyage in the Century and I wanted to brood.

Her morale, I repeat, is magnificent. In the diner the steward gives you a cheerful and apparently recognitory grin. "It's a long time since we had the pleasure of having *you* with us," he says, and of course I am subtly flattered to be thought an alumnus. The officers of this champion train are on generous terms with regular patrons. My friend Mr. Blank, who is an epicure, was once brought a parcel of codfish tongues by the conductor. There are fresh flowers on each table: a rose, two carnations, and a daffodil. The Century celebrates her twenty-fifth anniversary this spring. I suppose when she makes her quarter-century run, on June 15, there will be big doings. All sorts of things have happened on the roads since 1902, and will happen by 1952; yet, even in these spacious days of Tin Elizabeth the locomotive still gives us the greatest thrill. I hear much of King Ganaway, the Chicago photographer who has done marvellous pictures of engines. I hope he'll do the Century as she pulls out of La Salle Street on the morning of June 15th.

* * *

We make our first stop at Elkhart. It's fine to see a squad of oilers and coal-passers leap at the engine almost before she has come to a stop and begin holstering her. You stroll up and down the platform for a brief inhale of windy March, try to savor the feeling of Indiana, the green little park, the Civil War statue. You admire the two rotund conductors, like Tweedledum and Tweedledee, still conferring. Then we're off again. The Second Section pulls in just as we leave. Do they keep it up like that, nip and tuck, all night?

The sweet brown fields of Indiana recede behind us. Chew Mail Pouch, Chew Bag Pipes; red cows, red pigs, red barns. And, if you have been spending a few days with a typical Chicago host, you suddenly find yourself strangely and peaceably weary. I guess there's truth in what the railroad claims about the waterlevel route: certainly the running is amazingly smooth. Going back to your seat in the car *French Lake* you find a fat white pillow put there by a fat black porter. You oblique yourself into it. Your mind goes back to the wonders of that amazing city. An apartment high over the lake, a night of gale and sleet, grilled casement windows looking onto the foam of perilous lakes forlorn. The roar of that fresh water surf sounds even above the roar of the fire in the great chimney throat. Like all genuine Chicagoans my host believes in going nature one better. His logs are treated with chemicals, the flames are blue and silver and platinum color. In that gale and draught the fire burns through suddenly. You leave the room for a little while—when you come back it is all burned out; no softly glowing log to linger redly. In the elevator shafts of lake front apartments the gale screams a fierce æolian cry. I wish Shakespeare had known Chicago. And softly, with a little terror even, pondering these things, you fall asleep.

* * *

You wake up just entering Toledo. Again a chance for a swig of air. You are thrilled by strange names on cars and engines—*Nickel Plate Road, Hocking Valley, Pere Marquette.* You buy a Toledo paper. An ad amused me—*Girls, carry a spare.* Stocking, they mean. It appears that life in Toledo is hard on hosiery, for you are urged to buy stockings "Three to the pair." Then, if a run starts (says the ad) you take your spare from your purse and refill.—Just as I was losing myself in Ronald Fraser's "Flower Phantoms" (what an enchanting book!) I noticed a pleasant town. The porter came by: what is this place, I asked him. "This is Elyria," he said. That indeed had a Shakespearean sound. "What country, friends, is this?" "This is Illyria, lady."

By dusk the train has settled down to so tranquil and domestic a routine that you have all the settled feeling of an ocean voyage. From the little compartments comes the sound of card-playing, bursts of cheerful mirth. Yet the Centurions are not too folksy, as on lesser trains. You are not approached, as I was on another limited once, to know if I'd make a fourth at bridge. I said I didn't play bridge. Well, how about poker said the other. I said I didn't play poker. "Do you play anything at all?" was his final attempt. Whatever it might have been I fear I'd have lost.

When you've had a light dinner, and read G. K. Chesterton in the *Illustrated London News*, and remembered to put your watch an hour ahead, you'll find your berth made up. You fall asleep just as you come into Erie.

* * *

What happens between Erie and Albany I have no notion. Usually I don't sleep much on trains, but I thank the Century for some eight hours vanished forever from my life—hours of complete nothing, a capsule of eternity. You wake, being on the starboard side, to see a half moon riding in pale light over a faint rosy epilogue of dawn. You smoke a pipe and pensively overhaul your belongings. Somehow you've lost your collar button, but (like the girls of Toledo) you had a spare with you. Your pride over this makes you quite pleased with yourself. You nap for another hour or so, and then orange juice and scrambled eggs.

I was sorry to see the last of our relay of locomotives leave us at Harmon. It would have been nice for her, I thought, to have had the honor of roaring us proudly to the very end. And I wouldn't have been myself, I reflected ruefully, if I hadn't immediately gone on to find a symbol in the matter. For it is just so with man throughout his life—he's frequently changing engines. For a while, Fun is his motive power; then Earning, or Ambition, or Love, or Family, all powerful moguls, keep him all steamed up. Perhaps it is the quiet electric engine, Peace, that brings him at last into his Grand Central Station.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The Committee of University College, London, the first University Institution in Great Britain to start the teaching of American history, has decided that the time has come for the establishment on a permanent footing of a Chair of American History, by which is meant the history of America since 1783. It is their desire that the Chair should be at University College, London. It is estimated that a capital sum of $150,000 will be required for the foundation of the Chair. A provisional committee for carrying the scheme into effect, has been appointed in America with George Haven Putnam as executive chairman.

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Books of Special Interest

Wage Laws

THE SUPREME COURT AND MINIMUM WAGE LEGISLATION. Compiled by THE NATIONAL CONSUMERS' LEAGUE. New York: New Republic, Inc., 1926. $1.

Reviewed by ROBERT L. HALE

IN 1923 the United States Supreme Court held unconstitutional the District of Columbia minimum wage law for women. The decision was by a divided court, and has called forth no little comment, lay and professional. Some of the more important of the articles on the decision have been gathered together by the National Consumers' League, and published with an introduction by Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School, and with the full text of the majority and minority opinions of the court together with the brief holding by the court in a subsequent case to the effect that the minimum wage law of Arizona was unconstitutional on the authority of the District of Columbia case.

The District of Columbia law was held to violate the Fifth Amendment, which forbids Congress to deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, and the Arizona law was held to violate the Fourteenth Amendment, which imposes the same limitation on the power of the states. That the law deprives persons of a particular kind of liberty cannot be questioned, but that fact is not sufficient to cause the court to hold it unconstitutional; the court must also determine that the particular deprivation was "without due process of law." Many legislative deprivations of liberty are constitutional, falling within the vaguely defined "police power." This fact is fully recognized by Justice Sutherland, who rendered the court's majority opinion. He classifies four types of legislation which deprive persons of liberty, and which nevertheless have been held to be constitutional. He holds that the minimum wage law does not fall within any of the four categories, and refuses to add this new category to the police power. In so refusing, he discusses the economics of the law in question. "From a social and economic standpoint there can hardly be a dissent from the opinion of Mr. Justice Sutherland," says Professor A. A. Bruce, formerly a judge of the Supreme Court of North Dakota, "Captain Corcoran," said Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., "it is one of the happiest characteristics of this glorious country that official utterances are invariably regarded as unanswerable." It is doubtless as a disciple of this philosophy that Judge Bruce speaks. Otherwise the social and economic reasoning of the learned Justice can scarcely bear analysis. And analysis of this part of the reasoning is provided in abundance in this collection of articles. Particular reference may be made to those by Thomas Reed Powell (Harvard Law School), George Gorham Great (Department of Economics, University of Vermont), Barbara N. Grimes (University of California Law School), and Francis Bowes Sayre (Harvard Law School). It is not necessary to set forth these analyses in a book review.

⁂

Leaving the strictly economic aspects of the decision, it will be recalled that Justice Sutherland held that the legislation in question did not fall within any of the four recognized categories of the police power. One of these categories comprised laws restricting the hours of labor. Such laws, thought Justice Sutherland, did not go to "the heart of the contract," but wage laws did. On this point Chief Justice Taft, dissenting, contended that there was no distinction. Speaking of the two terms of the employment contract (wages and hours), he said, "One is the multiplier and the other the multiplicand." Yet, as Professor Edward S. Corwin of Princeton points out "the very fact that hour-legislation has been accepted in principle by the Court, makes legislative regulation of wages a more formidable, because less easily avoided, restriction of contract." This only means, however, as Mr. Corwin himself insists, that the constitutionality of this law presented the court with a novel question. "The fundamental question for constitutional law suggested by the Minimum Wage Case," he says is, therefore, whether the Court, in raising the question of reasonable justification of a statute in relation to the due process of law clause, is entitled straightway to close its ears to most of the sources of an informed answer thereto, by confining its judicial cognizance to facts so notorious that even a Court may be presumed to know them without proof. It is submitted that there is no sound reason why the Court should stuff cotton in its ears in this way.

A minimum wage law may or may not be good from a social and economic standpoint. But it was invalidated on social and economic reasoning that would scarcely do credit to a college sophomore. It may be true—very likely it is true—that the average Congressman who voted for the measure was quite as superficial and prejudiced and ignorant of economics as the court, though there is evidence that the Congressmen deferred to the opinions of persons better informed than themselves. These same opinions Justice Sutherland dismissed as "interesting but only mildly persuasive." It may be true, furthermore, that it was through political accidents that the bill was passed. It was certainly through judicial accidents that it was ultimately defeated. Professor Powell makes a careful survey of the attitude of the Supreme Court Justices to minimum wage legislation before the resignation of three Justices between June, 1922, and the rendering of the decision. He is convinced that, had the case reached the Court before June, 1922, there would have been no majority against the law. He believes "that minimum-wage legislation is now unconstitutional, not because the Constitution makes it so, not because its economic results or its economic propensities would move a majority of judges to think it so, but because it chanced not to come before a particular Supreme Court bench which could not muster a majority against it and chanced to be presented at the succeeding term when the requisite, but no more than requisite, majority was sitting. In the words of the poet, it was not the Constituion but 'a measureless malfeasance which obscurely willed it thus'—the malfeasance of chance and of the calendar."

Legislation of this type might become law (if the Supreme Court would not intervene) by political accident; but the results of such political accidents can be undone by succeeding legislatures of different political views. Judicial accident has brought about a more serious situation. It has written into our fundamental law a provision which can be undone only by constitutional amendment, or by the accession of judges who do not feel bound by precedent in constitutional cases. At present even those who dissented from the views of the majority in the District of Columbia case seem to have felt bound by that decision when the same question was presented subsequently in the Arizona case. The Supreme Court's errors of economic judgment, when it holds social legislation unconstitutional, appear thus to be beyond remedy even by subsequent ventures whose members do not share those particular errors; while whatever legislative errors there may be, from which such decisions may conceivably save us, are subject to correction at any time whenever subsequent legislators may perceive them. The Supreme Court may protect us from our legislators, but who can save us from the amateur economists in our Court?

Writing in *La Bulgarie* of the Turkish author and patriot, Suleiman Nazif Bey, who died recently, a correspondent says:

"As a writer his influence on his generation was notable. Poet, scholar and philologist, he published about thirty volumes of various sorts. His culture was extraordinary. Knowing Arabic and Persian thoroughly and being able to use them as well as his native tongue, he personified the old literary school of the Chinassis and the Namck Kemals. That is why he declared against the modern Turkish linguistic movement. Contrary to the young school, he was in favor of keeping in the Turkish language the Arabic and Persian acquisitions. In this sense he may be regarded as one of the last representatives of Ottomanism in Turkish literature. Of all the writers of his country, he was the one best grounded in the Oriental literature of past ages."

Professor J. Imbeloni, the Argentinian anthropoligist, in his "La Esfinge Indiana" (Buenos Aires: El Ateneo) presents an admirable historical and critical survey of the theories advanced as to the origins and culture of the American man and follows it up with the exposition of his own views. He lays the stress of his work principally upon Peruvian culture, but the book is an important contribution to ethnological study in general.

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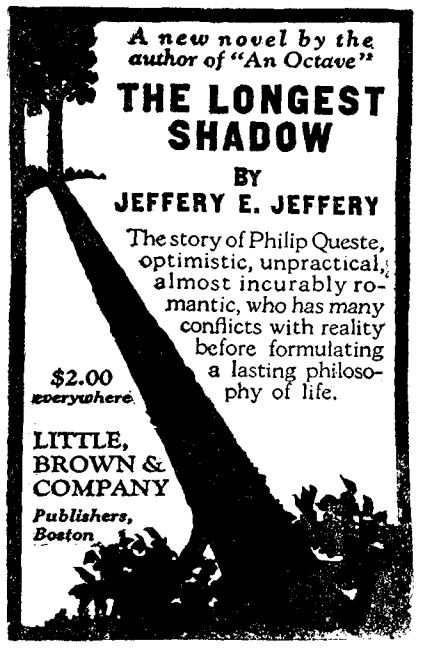
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Books of Special Interest

Miracles or Magic?

MIRACLES, A MODERN VIEW. By FLOYD L. DARROW. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by PHILLIPS E. OSGOOD, D.D.

ONE may be absolutely correct in his opinions and yet by wrong spirit lose his case. Mr. Darrow may be almost correct in his convictions, but it will prove disastrous to his zeal for conversion if he unduly angers the only folk who still need conversion to his thesis. Only the already converted will find cause for glee in his brilliant but smashing iconoclasm. To convert the people who need conversion requires tact, patience, and winsome sympathy. A case is not won by sarcastic and infallible fiats, even in the name of science. To knock a man down is not the surest way of winning his cordial affection.

The problem of miracles has so many tender sensibilities involved, at least for literal believers, that a book with sweeping scorn, if only here and there, will not aid the salvation of the credulous.

It may be that protagonists of really outworn notions have prodded the author with fundamentalist certitudes until he sees red. It may be he cannot comprehend (nor can many of us) how anyone with reasoning powers can deny the simplest implications of modern science and historic research. But even so it is a bit impolitic to be so polemic. That is, if his book is written in the hope of getting the literalist to see the error of his ways and to repent.

Mr. Darrow says things more hastily than he should. For instance, "If theologians could only be persuaded to accept the Bible for what it really is, an evolution of the ethical and spiritual ideals of a highly religious people,—and not as a divinely inspired and infallible revelation of all truth"—Does he not realize that no progressive theologian of the past generation and almost no religious teacher outside the Fundamentalist ranks today has held the magic concept of a dictated Bible? And as for "divine revelation" there are at least two meanings for the term, one of which is something quite other than trance mediumship; more akin to genius.

How long since Brother Darrow was one of the brethren? Has he sensed what a new level of faith the Church has attained wherever liberal and fearless thinking has been pursued for now these several decades? Does the Church "continue to teach as literal and inspired truth" stories of which "the wholly fictitious character has been well known for many years?" Do "the religious leaders hold the unthinking in spiritual bondage to a fictitious faith?" In the face of the well established findings of the higher criticism can a scientific man commit himself to the foolish statement that the "Gospels are wholly unhistorical"? Really, the whole Church is not to be adjudged of the same type as Mr. Bryan's anti-Scopes dogmatics or of Thomas Aquinas's criteria of orthodoxy.

These points are raised because they imperil the effectiveness of an otherwise brilliant book. If the author had not been so sweeping he would have succeeded better. His crushing blows avail so little, because he swings himself off balance.

He is off balance when he starts in on theological doctrines and calls them miraculous claims. It is not good strategy to attack the Incarnation and the Atonement as if the laws of evidence were as surely invoked against them as against Jonah's fish. Even some of the greater philosophers of recent days have found them a verity. Who of us who are eager for constructive thought cannot marshal such works as Royce's "Philosophy of Christianity" or C. Lloyd Morgan's "Life, Mind, and Spirit" to counter such antipathies as theology here arouses? It would seem that a careful scientist would recognize that the Incarnation is not necessarily identical with the Virgin Birth—one is the inner essential, the other is the reputed process: the result may be sure even for many who are skeptical of the mechanism by which it came to pass.

Miracles are not done for by a book which levels a doughty lance at Magic. Probably magic never was and never will be Reality. Miracle, the mysterious first manifestation of powers latent in life, due o be shared by the followers of the miracle-beginner, has not been done away with by this volume. It should have been named "Magic." Then it might have been mighty to prevail. As an attack on Miracle it has failed. For Mr. Darrow really meant Magic all the time and did not write against true Miracle. He says "supernatural" when he means unnatural.

Outline of History

THE ADVENTURE OF MAN. By F. C. HAPPOLD. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by BARTLET BREBNER

NOWADAYS two great processes can easily be discerned in the pursuit of knowledge. On the one hand, ever more specialized specialists seek more and more exact knowledge in necessarily narrow areas. On the other, the general public clamors for and receives general knowledge, whose integrity, of course, diminishes with the increase of the field surveyed. Two other processes are not quite so obvious. One is the courtship between science and philosophy following three quarters of a century after their divorce, and the other is the confident introduction of children to large bodies of factual information and even to gentle general speculation. Mr. Happold's book is part of the last process. It is a children's "Outline of History" written out of the experience of a master in the famous Perse School of Cambridge, England. From considerable internal evidence, both in the narrative and in the bibliographical note, it seems to have been prepared for an audience in the United States. If it has been amended it has been well done. Englishry only occasionally crops out, as, for example, when Roger Bacon and Francis Bacon are made rather more unique and important than they were in the general stream of intellectual development.

The attempt to make a continuous and unified account of the story of man succeeds quite well, probably because of the absence of a thesis or of propagandism. There is little moralizing, no progress cult, no insistent faith. The language has a nice dignity and is not "written down" for children. The picturesque is not lugged in gratuitously to brighten the book. Even the excellently chosen and reproduced illustrations and end papers are in simple black and white and charm rather than titillate. Generally, the book has a seriousness which I suspect would make it attractive to interested children. Occasionally this results in heaviness of emphasis or overloading with information, but not often. As to its historical authenticity, a few criticisms are in order in spite of its general excellence. The Dark Ages are made somewhat darker and the revival a little more miraculous than most historians now would admit. This is particularly true of the treatment of science. Too little credit is given to Spain and Sicily and Mediterranean trade and too much to the Crusades in explaining the twelfth and thirteenth century Renaissances. The Turk is still given credit for launching Portugal and Spain on oceanic navigation by blocking the trade routes to the East. The uncritical attitude toward imperialism is perhaps more noticeable to an adult reader than to a child.

The question for the reviewer remained, however, of how actual children would like the book, and Dr. Gambrill's plea for symposial reviews some weeks ago in the correspondence column of the *Review* suggested a solution. The book was sent to my friends, Richard Kaufman (aged fifteen) and his sister Ruth (aged twelve), with a request for their unadorned opinions.

Dick wrote: "'The Adventure of Man' is very clearly and interestingly written for the young lovers of facts, but those who seek adventure or characters are advised not to spend their time trying to find some action in this narrative of events. This book, while actually a history, is told in such a manner that even the younger folks can read and understand it, and encouraged me, at least, to branch out, and read further along the same lines. At times the author mixes his chronological relations slightly, but this is not subject to criticism, as it is merely for the purpose of keeping his stories complete."

Ruth wrote: "As I have never studied the general history of the world, 'The Adventure of Man' gave me a very good conception of it. If those who read it are partial to plots, I will advise them to keep at a distance from it, for it is but a volume of facts and events. To me it seemed to be very clearly expressed, and it presented a very good picture of the progress of the world since ancient times. I advise all young people to read this book, for it is well worth it."

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Literature Abroad

By ERNEST BOYD

LUIGI PIRANDELLO'S new novel, "Uno, Nessuno e Centomila" coincides with the appearance of Walter Starkie's elaborate study, "Luigi Pirandello" (Dutton), and of C. K. Scott Moncrieff's translation of the author's previous novel, "Si Gira," under the title of "Shoot! The Notebooks of Serafino Gubbio, Cinematograph Operator" (Dutton). At the same time the Theatre Guild is having a certain success with "Right You Are If You Think You Are," the only play of Pirandello's since "Six Characters in Search of an Author" to survive the test of production in this country.

Since Pirandello in English is more or less an American "discovery," it is worth while speculating as to why he has never enjoyed over here the vogue which has been his with certain English and French admirers. The existence of a substantial volume like Dr. Starkie's, coupled with the fact that the work of translating Pirandello into English seems to have passed from the competent hands of Arthur Livingston on this side of the Atlantic to those of Mr. Scott Moncrieff on the other, suggests that in England they are taking Pirandello very seriously. John Palmer, the well known London dramatic critic, who has recently published a novel in the "Pirandello manner" called "Jennifer," has declared that Pirandello will have "an influence in our country as vital and extensive as any that has been brought to bear on English drama since Nora Helmer pulled 'The Doll's House' about the ears of the previous generation."

Dr. Starkie is equally reckless in his belief that Pirandello is the titanic successor of Ibsen and Shaw in determining the evolution of the modern theatre. His book is not rich in biographical details, but it very conscientiously summarizes the plots of plays and novels, discusses Pirandello as a Sicilian, a novelist and short story writer, as a dramatist, and as a philosopher in succession to Bernard Shaw. A preliminary outline of contemporary Italian literature serves to set Pirandello in the perspective of his time. Then Dr. Starkie proceeds to discuss the outstanding works of his author in considerable detail and with an earnestness which I find it difficult to share. He says that he "came under the spell of Pirandello four years ago in Italy," thereby accounting, I think, for the uncritical quality of his enthusiasm, since Fascist Italy is hardly the place where dispassionate thinking is popular.

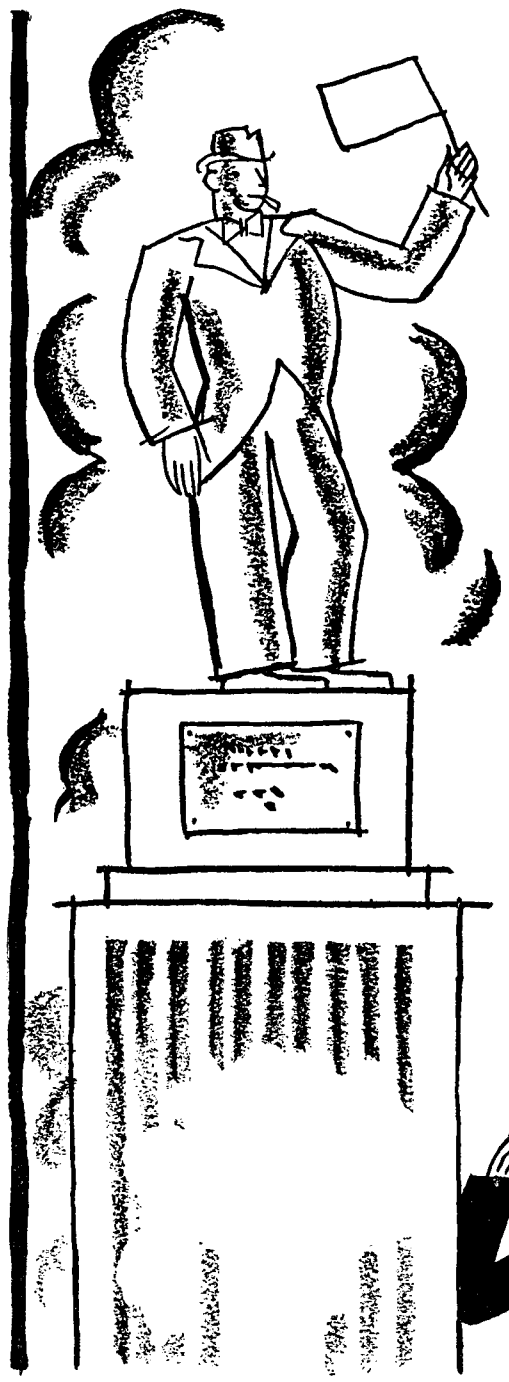
In 1905 I first read "The Late Matthias Pascal," which had recently been published in the "Nuova Antologia," and was the first of his works to attract much attention. It is still interesting as marking the beginnings of that "Pirandellianism" which so delights his followers today when expressed in dramatic form, but when I reread it a couple of years ago, I could not feel deeply impressed. Interesting, yes; but not profound, this story of a man who pretends to be dead and then finds it impossible to convince his friends that he is alive. Everybody except Pirandello knows that one's identity in such cases does not depend upon metaphysical niceties about *das Ding an sich,* but can be reëstablished relatively simply. Yet, Dr. Starkie thinks that Pirandello's humor is "a danger to humanity, because it makes such a frontal attack on our self-complacency and our pet illusions."

"Shoot!" is just another variation upon the author's eternal theme of the disintegration of personality, and in the world of the movies he sees a further field for that famous "philosophy" of his. Serafino Gubbio, the operator, is conceived as the instrument whereby the actors are despoiled of their personality, because his camera reduces their bodies to mere shadows. The actors are in exile "not only from the stage, but from themselves. For their action, the living action of their living body, exists no more on the cinematographer's screen: all that exists is their image, caught in a moment in a gesture, in an expression which flashes and then disappears." Granted these premises and a melodramatic plot, it is easy to imagine the sort of novel Pirandello has written. But it is not so easy to imagine Gloria Swanson or Douglas Fairbanks overwhelmed with a sense of the negation and destruction of their personalities because they have been extensively filmed.

"Uno, Nessuno, Centomila" is Pirandello's seventh novel, and the immediate successor to "Shoot," which first appeared in 1916. The title, "One, None, a Hundred Thousand" at once gives the clue to its character. Pirandello is telling the old, old story. This time he has revamped the theme of "The Late Matthias Pascal." Vitangelo Moscarda has inherited a banking business from his father; he is a decent nonentity, married to a wife who adores him; his existence is untroubled by problems and difficulties. One morning his wife tells him his nose is crooked. From that moment his personality begins to disintegrate. Moscarda refuses to believe her, and realizes that he is not to himself what he seems to other people. He must discover where and what is his real self. He looks in the mirror and sees his body "detached and independent of the government of my soul." Ensues at this point a lengthy and would be philosophical speculation as to who this Stranger is in the mirror.

Moscarda is a man in search of a character. In Richieri the people have a very different conception of him from that of his friends and relatives. They think of him as a usurer. So he sets out to destroy their conception of him and that of the community. After various incidents which earn for Moscarda the inevitable accusation of insanity, without which no Pirandellian drama is complete, he liquidates his business and devotes the proceeds to the founding of a charitable asylum. His wife leaves him, he gets embroiled with one of her lady friends, and finally disappears. In the end he is an anonymous creature, without a past, present, or future, a helpless inmate for such an asylum as he founded. Darkness and dawn are a new death and a new life to him. He has no memories and no regrets. He has given up the struggle to establish his own identity.

The essential hollowness and banality of this sort of "profound" philosophizing will be apparent to everyone who has ever read philosophy and studied metaphysics. It is a gross simplification of Plato's concept of the universe as a cave in which we are the shadows thrown upon the wall by the real entities outside. The ancient distinction between noumena and phenomena; the world as will and representation. As a metaphysical speculation Pirandello's obsession has been developed by the greatest thinkers from Plato to Hegel and Schopenhauer. As a theme for fiction or drama, it is simply exasperating. Is a man pretending to be Henry IV because he is mad, or because he has a calculated motive? How can one take such a situation seriously, since it is impossible to swallow the premises, namely, that there is no test of insanity?



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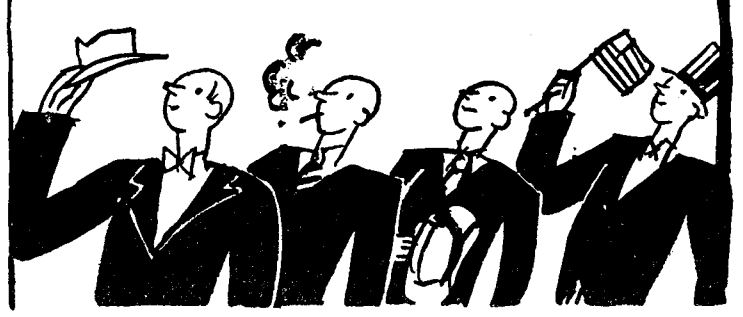

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE FOURTH IN THE FURNACE. By STEPHEN B. STANTON. Minton, Balch. 1927. $1.75.

Mr. Stanton has collected thirty essays in Emersonian optimism in a small and pleasantly readable volume. Emersonian optimism, of course, does not carry with it Emersonian vigor or originality, and Mr. Stanton is perhaps not very watchful against the intrusion of the commonplace. But it is good to be reminded that even in this noisy era there are those to whom peace and the life of the spirit are the chief things. The title is taken from the book of Daniel and the fiery furnace, from the exclamation of Nebuchadnezzar "Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."

FALLODON PAPERS. By VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.50

When in 1916 Sir Edward Grey became Lord Grey of Fallodon he was virtually at the end of his public life. Since 1905 he had been British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and so had been in the centre of those currents (whatever they were) which found their issue in the greatest war of all time. These "Fallodon Papers" are not essays, but reprinted addresses delivered in one place or other since the war. The first of them, given before the Harvard Union in 1919 gave the speaker a chance to acknowledge America's service in the war. Otherwise there are but a few casual allusions to that late unpleasantness in these pages. It is Grey of Fallodon, not Grey of the Foreign Office, who speaks, an English country gentleman of simple nature and out-of-doors habit, fond of a few books, inattentive to, rather than resistant of all the "new" and "modern" experiments in literature and other arts; an ardent fisherman, believer in sport, a naturalist of no mean quality.

In the Harvard paper the best thing is the tribute to Roosevelt, who once spent a day as Grey's guest, listening for English bird songs. Roosevelt's ingenuous ardor, his love of the open, his extraordinary knowledge even of English birds, endeared him at once to his host: clearly, but for the Rooseveltian excess of noise and of self-assertion, they were two of a kind. Of the other papers, we prefer "Waterfowl at Fallodon," and "The Fly-Fisherman" to those which try to be wise about literature and life. The two addresses on "The Pleasure of Reading" and "Pleasure in Outdoor Nature" are almost incredibly ingenuous and awkward. Literature, we gather, is a creature with four legs, one at each corner: "The first thing necessary to the pleasure of reading is that when people are young they should acquire the habit of reading." . . . "I am not going to talk about the pleasure in pure poetry, because to all who have it, it is so well known that no words of mine will increase the pleasure. To those who have not got it, no words that I could utter would give it." Paragraphs are strung together with "Now I pass on to consider . . ."; "I would say this further . . ."; "The last word I would say is. . . ." We can but wonder with what emotions, beneath their British phlegm, the members of the "Royal Society of Literature" received this touchingly ingenuous discourse. Similarly, the papers on "Pleasure in Outdoor Nature" and "Recreation" are lumbering and platitudinous so far as they attempt to deal in generalization. When the operator lapses into illustration and personal incident, he is transformed. His account of experiences in breeding water-fowl at Fallodon, and the paper on fly-fishing, are the real thing—a man speaking simply and eloquently of that which delights him.

The closing paper, on Wordsworth's "Prelude," likewise, is good reading, being the spontaneous expression of a strong personal enthusiasm. Wordsworth, Lord Grey says more than once in this book, is his favorite poet. He makes a good plea here for a poem which has not often proved palatable even for readers who respond keenly to Wordsworth as a lyrist. Of the modern literature which has so powerfully reflected and influenced our new time, he is blandly oblivious.

Biography

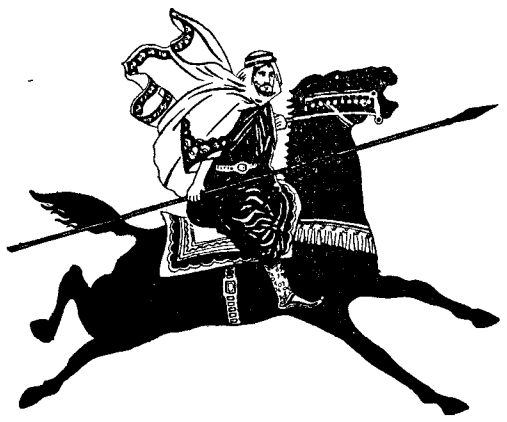
YOUNG IN THE "NINETIES." By UNA HUNT. Scribners. 1927. $2.

This is a charming book of adolescent recollections. The author's girlhood was spent in Washington—in the nineties, of course—and in a close and delightful circle of families whose heads were mainly scientists in the government service. Since the events and people she talks about were interesting, and since she writes with a capital sense of humor the book is delightfully readable.

She saw General Coxey's Army reach the Capitol—and disperse; she suggested to Langley that he might get ideas for his flying machine from flying squirrels—and was flattered when he said he had already tried to; she peeped through the banisters at their Majesties the King and Queen of Hawaii; she protested when a boy was expelled from school for standing on the school Bible to close a window—and the principal was removed; she had a mountain in the Arctic named for her; she wore crêpe when she learned Rudyard Kipling was engaged to be married; she asked in company one day if a "concubine" was a sort of flower; she and her friends "did not believe in letting a boy kiss us because we wanted to save everything for the Real One."

(*Continued on next page*)

Lawrence of Arabia—by Himself!



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The New Books

Biography

(*Continued from preceding page*)

EARLY DAYS IN UPPER CANADA. Letters of John Langton. Edited by W. A. LANGTON. Toronto: Macmillan. 1927.

A graduate of Cambridge in the Canadian backwoods is a somewhat unusual figure. John Langton was a Lancashire lad, the son of a wealthy business man; after being schooled on the Continent and taking his university degree, he emigrated to Ontario in 1833, at the age of twenty-five. Love of adventure was one motive, and a decline in the family fortunes furnished another. Establishing a large farm upon Sturgeon Lake, for a dozen years he labored and prospered as a log-cabin pioneer. Then, having married and acquired some capital, he became interested in lumbering, invested in mills, went to live in Peterborough, and was soon a figure in politics. After sitting for some years in the legislature he was made auditor of the province, and later became vice-chancellor of the University of Toronto. There are interesting pages upon Peterborough, which was a queer colony of English half-pay officers, and said at this time to present the best society in Canada; while in conclusion some light is thrown upon the struggling early days of the University.

But the chief value of the book lies in the letters written during 1833-1847, and showing how an English university man took the hardships and labors of a pioneer farmer. To Langton it was something of a Robinson Crusoe adventure. He had his books; he was interested in botany and ornithology; and he kept up his contacts with the best people of the province, from the governor down. There was no real danger, though wolves and other wild beasts were plentiful. He seems rather to have enjoyed the immense amount of work necessary to make his log cabin habitable and clear his land. Explaining everything in detail to his father, he sets forth the agricultural methods of the Ontario frontier; the profits and losses upon oats, potatoes, turnips, wheat, barley, and pigs; the crudities of transportation; the way in which his neighboring farmers got entangled in debt to the storekeepers; the diet of the country—salt pork, beans, potato soup, bad Canadian whiskey, and in summer fish, ducks, and venison; and much besides. He kept his eye on politics, and though by no means a Tory, denounces "that little factious wretch Mackenzie." The book is an addition of value to North American pioneer narratives.

SECRETS OF THE WHITE HOUSE. By *Elizabeth Joffray.* Cosmopolitan. $2.50.

EARLY LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN MORLEY. By *F. W. Hirst.* Macmillan. 2 vols. $10.50.

KARL MARX AND FRIEDRICK ENGELS. By *D. Riaganov.* International. $2.50.

TWELVE GREAT MODERNISTS. By *Lawrence F. Abbott.* Doubleday, Page.

THE AGE OF DANGER. By *Augustus Muir.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

THE WOMAN ON THE BALCONY. By *Rose Caylor.* Boni & Liveright.

Drama

THE PLAYS OF RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. Edited by IOLO A. WILLIAMS. Dial. 1927. $3.

This edition reprints Sheridan's seven plays in a form convenient for the general reader. There is no critical apparatus save an amateurish introduction of a dozen pages. The editor asserts that he has taken pains to provide a more authoritative text of "The School for Scandal," but he has not indicated his variant readings.

DISCORDANT ENCOUNTERS: PLAYS AND DIALOGUES. By EDMUND WILSON. A. & C. Boni. 1926. $2.50.

On the surface, little of the crusading spirit informs the bristling pages of Edmund Wilson's "Discordant Encounters." Satire, dressed in the deceptive garments of detached impersonality is the palpable intent. Mr. Wilson artfully finds ironic amusement in the present form of the everlasting struggle between reaction and insurgency in esthetic, social, and scientific ideals. His partisanship is, in the main, cunningly veiled. He does, however, reveal himself with rather surprising sentimentality in the full length play, "The Crime in the Whistler Room." Technically this drama, with its more than implied plea for the younger generation is the least successful offering in the volume, quite without the sardonic and often deliciously whimsical detachment of the other contributions.

The popular expressionism of the modern theatre, exploited notably in "Roger Bloomer" and "The Adding Machine," is courted in "The Crime in the Whistler Room." There is a phantasmagoria episode in which the realistic substance of the opening and close of the play is fantastically remotivated. Early in the century the device won favor for "The Poor Little Rich Girl" and Hauptmann's "Hannele," but it was, of course, not new then. Mr. Wilson uses it to give an expressionist view of the predicament of his heroine. With a theatric throwback to Victorianism, the young lady has been "betrayed." Mr. Wilson champions her,—as who would not?—against a deadening conventional environment peopled by deadening pedantic uplifters, much concerned about the position of the drawing room table and the symphonic effects of Whistler paintings. Those characters who are rebels, have been skilfully portrayed and the contemporary flavor of their speech has the authentic tang. The representatives of the elder generation are so much cardboard.

The weaknesses of this major effort—in point of bulk—are not extended to the shorter pieces. "The Poet's Return," a dialogue between Paul Rosenfeld and Matthew Josephson, "The Delegate from Great Neck," presenting Van Wyck Brooks and Scott Fitzgerald; "Mrs. Alving and Oedipus," with a "Professor of Fifty and a Journalist of Twenty-five," as disputants, and "In the Galapagos," involving William Beebe and a Marine Iguana, are most delectable specimens of sophisticated and pertinent comment. The contrasts of personalities are adroitly sustained and there is both lively cerebral humor and very suggestive observation in these fancies. "Cronkhites Clocks," subtitled "A Pantomime with Captions, for a Score by Leo Ornstein," is gorgeous, undisciplined fooling on the not precisely novel theme of super-business organization. But the high key of the fun atones for this rehearsal of the obvious.

Mr. Wilson writes with polish and taste and a sense of character values. His portrait of Scott Fitzgerald is a gem of satiric allusion, and there is something like a heroic glow in Mr. Beebe's transcendental and scientific rhapsody in the uninspiring presence of that embodiment of "laissez-faire," which is the torpid great sea lizard of far-off Galapagos.

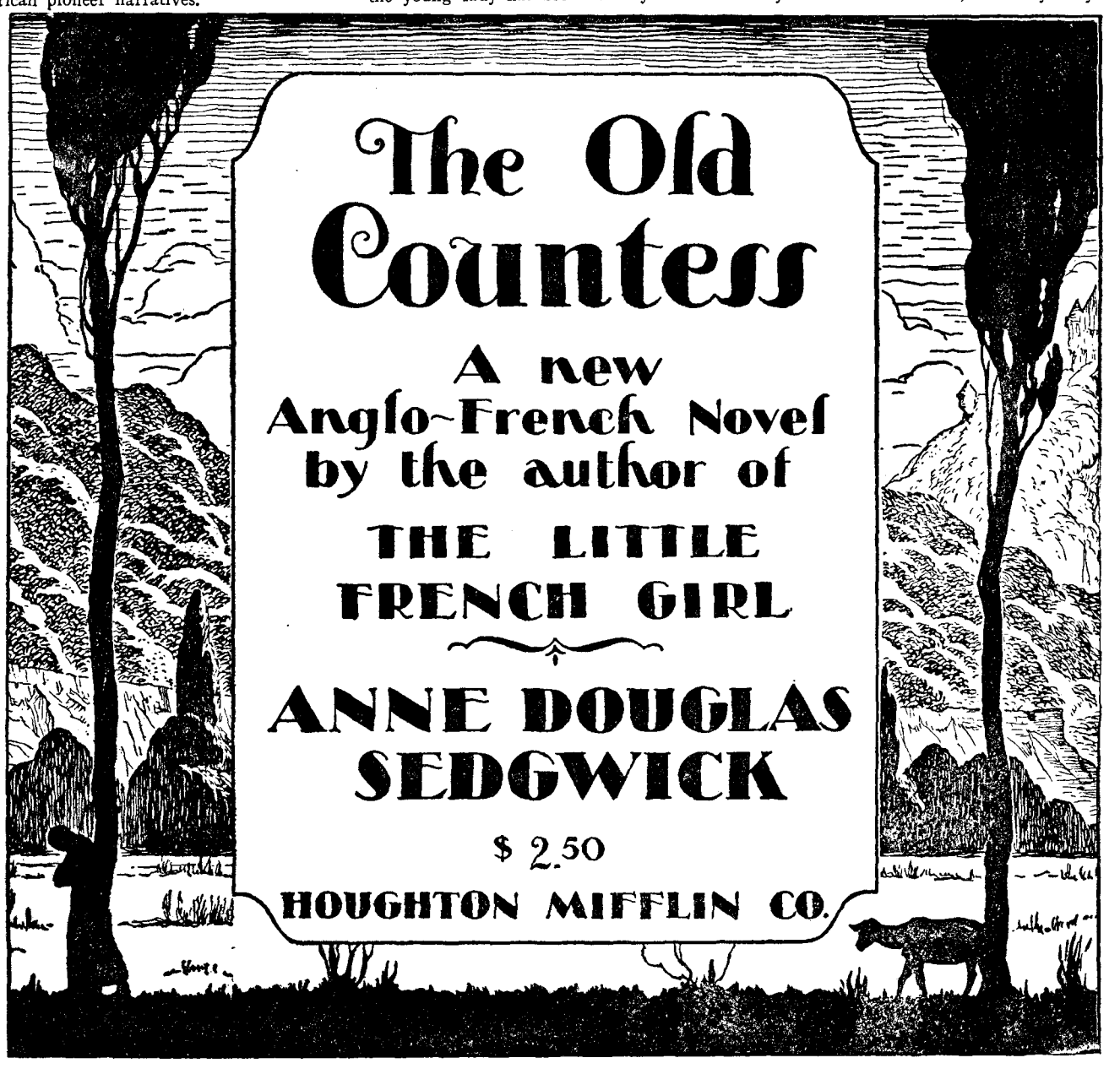
THE FIELD GOD AND IN ABRAHAM'S BOSOM. By *Paul Green.* McBride. $2 net.

OUT OF THE SEA. By *Don Marquis.* Doubleday, Page.

Education

PROCRUSTES OR THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH EDUCATION. By M. ALDERTON PINK. Dutton. 1927. $1.

This little book (in the Today and Tomorrow series) is big with common sense. The author is writing about English education, but what he says may be read with profit by American educators. "The English," says Mr. Pink, "are gradually coming to acknowledge that not every child is a potential Prime Minister." We were not aware that the English had ever been subject to that delusion; certainly they have



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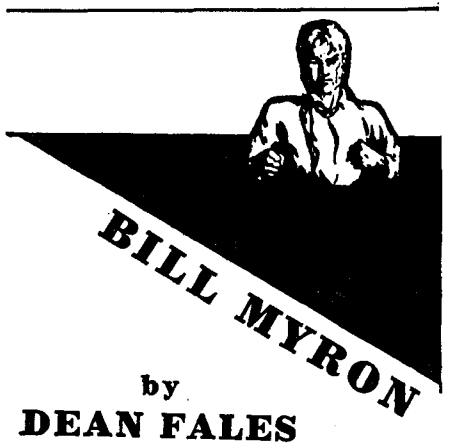

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never embraced the dogma with the fervor which leads us to prepare every little boy to be President.

Some relation must be maintained between the pupil's training and his potentialities. It is wasteful, even cruel, to prepare thousands for positions which they can never fill. "Secondary schools," says Mr. Pink, "are designed as training ground for university students, but only three per cent of the pupils ever reach the universities." The percentage in America is higher, but we may well consider whether we have not let Utopianism blind us to facts. Not less education, but a different and less standardized variety, is needed.

When the author speaks of the English universities,—not Oxford and Cambridge, but the newer ones—we feel we must shout, "Hear, hear" as he warns them against some of the worst evils which assail our American instiutions of higher learning. An increasing number of educators in this country will agree with Mr. Pink, and with Dr. Johnson, that lectures of the ordinary university lecture-course type were "rendered obsolete as soon as books were rapidly and cheaply printed." It is better to read and think than simply to take dictation. While agreeing with Mr. Pink that "the modern university must be a centre of research," we also must realize that "the danger is that it will neglect to be also a centre of education." Even some of the most reputable historians believe that "the scientific or pseudo-scientific spirit applied to history has tended to destroy the sense of values."

Thank you, Mr. Pink. We hope your book will be widely read on this side of the water.

CHILD GUIDANCE. By SMILEY BLANTON and MARGARET GRAY BLANTON. Century. 1927. $2.25.

One of the most significant paragraphs in this very suggestive book is the following: "Education for successful emotional and habitual living begins at birth. And since it begins with birth, it deals with such commonplace things as sleeping and eating and moving and crying. It never leaves the plane of the small and the apparently insignificant, for no matter how spectacular the result it is composed of small acts, performed day by day and moment by moment." Many of the recent books on child guidance treat of such exaggerated conditions that the average parent is justified in saying: "That is all very interesting, but my child is not like that." Dr. Blanton and his wife have dealt with the situations which enter into every child's daily routine and have known how to discuss the slight deviations which are the puzzles (they have hardly assumed the proportions of a problem) of the mother of every child.

The suggestions with respect to helping the child to acquire eating, sleeping, evacuation, walking, and talking habits, and the ability to adjust to other people, are based on sound medical and psychological knowledge and a wide experience with children maladjusted in varying degrees. The authors are particularly well qualified to give suggestions with respect to speech training. The book should be eagerly received by those parents who are making a real effort to see their job in perspective, and should prove very helpful to social workers who must point out to less understanding parents the shortcomings in their management. The written record at stated intervals of a child's personality changes (in such traits as self-confidence, aggressiveness, suggestibility, demonstrativeness, social adequacy) suggested in the third part of the book should help, as does all writing, to "make a precise man" of the parent. There is, however, always some danger that such a parent will become unduly self-conscious in his treatment of the child,—that his tongue will be theory bound. The danger of letting the child know that he is being formally rated cannot be overestimated and must be carefully guarded against.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOUNG WORKERS. By OWEN D. EVANS. Macmillan. 1926.

Has the world turned upside down since Jacques described the second rôle of the human actor upon the terrestrial stage? How else can you explain these facts? There are five million workers in America between the ages of fourteen and twenty. Nearly a million—by Mr. Evans's very conservative estimate—are going to school while they work. Some go to continuation schools because they have to go, but most go to public or private evening schools, Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. schools, or university extension classes because they *want* to go. Why?

It seems that schools, and not schoolboys, have turned upside down. In all of these courses vocational training predominates. "Culture" courses are often related to vocational training—in the student's mind probably, when not in the teacher's. Public continuation and evening schools emphasize health and citizenship education as well. But in general student and school agree in this: That education is worth while which trains for the "job higher up."

Mr. Evans's study gives a very readable and thorough account of these schools and their students and this strange community of purpose between them. His few and thoughful comments reflect less upon that purpose than on the fitness of the machinery to achieve it. He shows the movement as characteristically American in efficiency, vigor, and rapid growth. In a few short years schools have been organized, technique developed, teachers mobilized, classrooms commandeered, a system of guidance installed, and surveys made to register results. Progress of course varies widely from one section to another, and between urban and rural district, and the south, as always, is behind. But progress is everywhere evident. Even the employers, at first hostile, are beginning to appreciate the value of the trained young worker over that of the cheap child worker. Here, as elsewhere, the idealism of the nineteenth century is finding realization in the enlightened selfishness of the twentieth,—a realization of which William Morris never dreamed. Perhaps he is turning in his grave, but Horatio Alger is marching on!

But has Alger really captured America, or only Young America? Do the millions of full-fledged adult students likewise seek education because it has success appeal? For the answer we must turn to the other volumes in this series on adult education. Through them, the Carnegie Corporation is rendering a much-needed service, not only to professional educators, but to all thoughtful Americans who would know their countrymen through the education that they seek.

CHAUCER'S "THE NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE." Edited by *Kenneth Sisam*. Oxford University Press. 50 cents.

OUR STATE OF WASHINGTON. By *Herbert Clay Fish*. Scribners. 88 cents.

HISTORY OF ILLINOIS. By *August Maue*. Scribners. 88 cents.

Fiction

THE FORTUNES OF HUGO. By DENIS MACKAIL. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.

This is a mild farce about a wealthy, good-natured, and "very British" imbecile who is in love with the daughter of a big newspaper publisher. Before he may marry her, he has to write something for which a newspaper would pay him. It is the sort of thing that P. G. Wodehouse, Ian Hay, and several other English writers turn out with such regularity.

THE PERILOUS ISLE. By OCTAVIA ROBERTS. Harpers. 1926. $2.

This is a colorful adventure story set in France and San Domingo in the Napoleonic era. It provides clean and wholesome excitement for youthful readers.

CORSICAN JUSTICE. By J. G. SARASIN. Doran. 1927. $2.

Lombardy, during the victorious invasion of the French in 1796, is the setting of this well written and exciting romance. Briefly, it is concerned with the transformation of a young noble *émigré*, Gaston de Saulx, from a fugitive exile to a patriot eager to serve in the Republican army of his former enemies. General Bonaparte personally is responsible for Gaston's change of heart, for it is he who pledges the young man to undertake a hazardous mission, the success of which will be generously rewarded. Gaston's perils and adventures are shared by a young girl who, disguised as a man, enlists in the small company of soldiers which he commands. The ensuing love affair of the couple is fraught with hardships inflicted upon them by a ruthless, but misguided, villain, the source also of the undercurrent of mystery of the tale.

NEVER GIVE ALL. By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN. Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $2.

Solemn, thinly cultured bores and prigs form the majority of the people presented in Mrs. Warren's new novel, the action of which begins in the second year of the century, when the young heroine, Teresa, marries Archie Lane, and ends more than a score of years later. The couple are intensely fond of themselves, Teresa being proudly confident of her intellectual equipment, Archie's self-esteem deriving from his gifts as a minor poet and success as an assistant professor in a Chicago university.

(*Continued on next page*)

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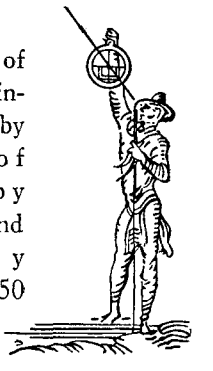

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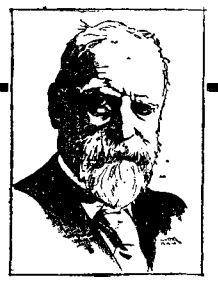

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by John T. Winterich

A. Edward Newton says:

An invaluable little book for anyone who is beginning to play this book collecting game. It has my unqualified indorsement. It deserves and undoubtedly will have a very large sale.

Evening Post (N. Y.) says:

It does something which few other books do—makes an appeal to the collector of limited means. . . . For one who would be initiated into the most fascinating of hobbies, this book is a convenient password.

This book aims to instruct the reader in the fundamentals of book collecting—a pleasant and not unprofitable pursuit. The author seeks to appeal especially to the collector of limited means, believing that "anyone who can afford an occasional new book can afford an occasional old book." The book attempts, among other things, to answer the questions which often confuse the beginner—to guide his collecting instincts without influencing his collecting tastes.

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Association Books
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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

They have a fearful time of it, adjusting their remarkable, conflicting temperaments to problems of reality, and also in mastering difficulties invented by their imaginations. The war comes and, though the pair have now two children of tender age, man and wife must needs rush to the European battlefields to aid in deciding the struggle. There, naturally, more trouble awaits them. The tale is smoothly written, and in its early stages gave promise of considerable interest, but most of its characters are too blatantly consequential and self-absorbed to command one's sympathetic attention to the continual fuss they are creating.

JOYKIN. By MICHAEL ARABIAN. Boni & Liveright. 1927. $2.

Another young man has written another young novel. Again the setting is smart London and the characters are people who mix their poses as seriously as they mix their drinks. The reader is given an inside view of one of those little affairs that begin in a restaurant and end at a man's apartment.

Triangle number one includes Joan, Bobby, and Peter; triangle number two includes Joan, Bobby, and Lulu. Joan loves Bobby, her husband, but doesn't respect him; she respects Peter, her lover, but doesn't love him. Bobby's vanity demands that he keep Joan, but he just can't resist Lulu. Consequently, everybody is jealous of everybody else through pages of complications.

The characters dangle limply from their wires; they explain why they do things but it is all rhetorical. Somehow their actions do not spring from within. The only one that moves of himself is the pleasure loving husband; he likes women and he likes a carnation in his button-hole. He is vain, cheap, and foolish, but he knows it, and so carefully spends all his time and money trying to convince the world that he is an irresistible gentleman.

Mr. Arabian puts an indictment of modern novelists into the mouth of one of his characters, "They have a keen eye and ear for externals; their people talk like human beings and not like automata, but, unfortunately, they behave just as idiotically as those of their predecessors." Though Mr. Arabian's people behave badly, they neglect to act like human beings.

THE MAD LOVER. By RICHARD CONNELL. Minton, Balch. 1927. $2.

"Why had he left his trousers in the bathtub and his evening shoes dangling from the chandelier?" This question at the very beginning of Richard Connell's new book is soon answered. Gerald Shannon had arrived home at four A. M., not jingled, or lit, or squiffed, or even blotto. He had, alas, been stinko. And for two-thirds of his fictional career he remains the Gerald Shannon of the opening chapter—a distinguished drinker and dresser, a polo player of parts, the discreet wooer of the twice-wed Sonia. But this jolly waster has for a father a self-made millionaire who came to America as an Irish immigrant and succeeded in reaching the higher brackets solely by his own exertions. Old Shannon's blood has not yet turned entirely to gin in the veins of his son. So when Irene Thorne crosses Gerald's path and, after the manner of poor stenographers the world over, rejects our reckless spender because he lacks his father's guts, Gerald sells his cars and ponies and sets out for Ireland without a cent, determined to equal his father's record and incidentally show the unappreciative Irene the kind of viscera he possesses. And of course, being Irish, he does.

This newest version of the ancient legend known to folklore as The Millionaire Reformed by the Poor Working-girl appears, as it should, in the most modern of clothes. Like the spring frocks, it is airy and transparent, frilly and sophisticated. To be sure, both its wit and romance bear traces of factory-production. But then that is modern too.

THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE. By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $2.

This novel is pure Birmingham. Perhaps it is not so hilarious as "General John Regan" or "Spanish Gold," but at any rate it is in the gay tradition of Canon Hannay's best light novels. Once more we have a group of characters that lend credibility to an impossible situation; once more an absurd dilemma demands, and gets, just the right treatment to make its solution solemnly comic. Indeed, the misleading gravity with which Canon Hannay unfolds his stories is his most delightful quality. In this novel we read of the Hailey Compton pageant, organized by the irrepressible Mrs. Eames and supported by half the big-wigs of England. Although suggested and planned in all innocence, the pageant affords an excellent chance for a few amiable rascals to do some genuine smuggling. Thereupon come complications and misunderstandings, fashioned with a liberal inlay of intelligent humor. What if the characters are merely types and the plot is thin? We do not care. Birmingham is Birmingham, and his novels in their well-bred farce are inimitable.

WILD HONEY. By FREDERICK NIVEN. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $2.

This tale contains random reminiscences of hobo life in the West. If Mr. Niven hoped that these recollections would adapt themselves to the demands of the novel, he has been disappointed. The book is a travel sketch and an exposition of how a small fraction of the other half lives, not a connected narrative. The author, accompanied by two derelicts known to us only as Hank and Slim, drifts through British Columbia and Washington, on foot or by stolen transportation. The chief faults of the account are its rambling, haphazard manner, and its tendency to sentimentalize the hobo. But for compensation Mr. Niven gives us some interesting details of the standardized methods of traveling without money. When he deals with railroads, however, he is at his best; he stirs in us a full realization of the romance and the dangers that lie along the right of way. And, irrelevantly but surely, "Wild Honey" reminds us that the great novels of railroad life are waiting to be written. Our literature needs them, just as it needed the novels of Conrad.

THE BABY GRAND. By STACY AUMONIER. Holt. 1927. $2.

The first story in this book, "The Happy Man," can make some claim to excellence; the others, at best, are only agreeable reading matter. Mr. Aumonier is not very good in "The Baby Grand," and even his craftsmanship limps on one foot through several of its stories. Since they are not stories in which the subject-matter concerns significant or ambitious objectives, one cannot forgive his technical imperfections because he really had something to say; one can only condemn them the more for lacking the roundedness and finish of expertly-made short stories. One is depressed enough at the way so many American short-story writers have of saying nothing with great skill; but that, at any rate, is better than saying nothing unskilfully. "The Baby Grand" is for the most part typical of the second-rate short-story in England; it has the plot of a short-story and the procedure of a tale.

Mr. Aumonier is never downright bad; he is always inventive and nearly always interesting. But here he is bad Aumonier. Granted that in most of these stories he primarily wants to entertain you, and so writes formula stories. But he writes formula stories like "The Room" or "Funeral March" and flattens them out till they become intolerably obvious. The little twist at the end, the little ironic platitude at the end, loses all its snap because Mr. Aumonier, where he should be brief, is wordy, and where he should be surprising, is feeble. "The Baby Grand" is enjoyable reading, but it disappoints one by its lustreless and hackneyed dénouement. "The Old Lady with the Two Umbrellas" has an amusing little plot, but its amateurish preliminaries are senseless. That all these stories can be read and moderately enjoyed doesn't mean for a second that they are anything like the good reading they might be.

Fortunately there is one exception to these strictures, for the eighty-page narrative called "The Happy Man" is touching and human. It is the story of a man who stays happy while leading a life full of disappointment and sacrifice, while his gifted son obeys every selfish impulse without being happy at all. In this story of no very profound theme Mr. Aumonier brings two people skilfully to life and achieves an undertone of feeling and warmth that is altogether praiseworthy. An Aumonier with no eye on the magazine wrote "The Happy Man"—an Aumonier who forgot his formulas and realized that style, substance, and form should merge—and merged them.

LITTLE INJUN. By *Lowell Otus Reese*. Crowell. $2 net.

THE BIRD OF FIRE. By *Marie Moravsky*. Crowell. $3 net.

THE UNKNOWN PORT. By *Christine Whiting Parmenter*. Crowell. 2 net.

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HEART IN HURRICNE. By *Charles G. Shaw*. Brentanos. $2.
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BOUNTY OF EARTH. By *Louise Redfield Peattie*. Appleton. $2.
CALL OF THE TRAIL. By *D. S. MacGregor*. Macaulay. $2.
THE BEST STORIES OF MARY E. WILKINS. Selected by *Henry W. Lanier*. Harpers. $2.
RED DAMASK. By *Emanie Sachs*. Harpers. $2.
THE NEW TERROR. By *Gaston Leroux*. Macaulay. $2.
SHORT STORIES. By *Walt Whitman*. Columbia University Press. $4.50.
DAPHNE ADEANE. By *Maurice Baring*. Harpers. $2.50.
THE SPANISH FARM TRILOGY. By *R. H. Mottram*. Dial. $2.50.
THE LADY OF THE LOTUS. By *Ahmad-ul-Umri*.
SVERIGES EKONOMISKA OCH SOCIALA HISTORIA UNDER OCH EFTER VAERLDSKRIGET. By *Eli F. Heckscher*. Stockholm: Norstedt (Yale University Press).
UN NOUVEAU MOYEN AGE. By *Nicholas Berdiaeff*. Paris: Plon.

Miscellaneous

A PRIMER OF BOOK COLLECTING. By JOHN T. WINTERICH. New York: Greenberg. 1927. $2.

This is an engaging little book, although it suffers somewhat from the organic defect of not quite being what it purports to be.

A Primer must essay at least a tentative answer to the question: Why? Into which "this writer and this book resolutely decline to be drawn." That attitude assumes the reader to be already initiated. Then why name it a Primer? Stray Thoughts on Book Collecting would have been the more appropriate title, especially in view of the narrow scope. The book gives the impression that the author has simply jotted down certain pieces of information without betraying a comprehensive grasp of the entire field. Such as it is, the book might serve as a stimulus for a Primer. Meantime it deserves a perusal from the seasoned collector himself for its lucid and taking style, and in view of the concise way it expresses many characteristics pertaining to the collecting activity. "The fact of limitation makes an immediate appeal to the collector as distinguished from the reader—to the person who will take good care that no harm comes to it; who may, indeed, buy another copy of an ordinary edition to read." That is admirably put, and it touches the heart of the thing.

Mr. Winterlich will, no doubt, be grateful for having us point out an inadvertence in the book in ascribing to Raphael the painting of the Mona Lisa on which Da Vinci spent so many years. We are glad to inform him also that the sixth copy of the rare Tennyson "The Lover's Tale," is safely housed in a collector's library in New York.

HOMES OF FAMOUS AMERICANS. Volume II. By CHESLA C. SHERLOCK. Des Moines: Meredith Publications. 1926. $3.

Mr. Sherlock has hit upon a happy idea and is usually singularly felicitous in its execution. He has evidently taken immense pains in the preparation of the text which accompanies his excellent photographs, to make it brief, clear, interesting,—and morally instructive. This second volume has a larger proportion than the first of homes of the more or less famous in literature: Poe, Whittier, Whitman, Riley, Louisa M. Alcott, and Mark Twain. The historical mansions are probably less well known. Many readers will learn for the first time of Grouseland, Huguenot House, Montpelier, The Grange, and Jumel Mansion—that dignified relic left high and dry on its terrace above the bourgeois apartment houses of Washington Heights in New York City, not quite out of earshot of the frenzies of the Polo Grounds.

OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN. Edited by O. LATHAM HATCHER. Richmond, Virginia: Southern Woman's Educational Allance. 1927.

Twelve years ago Orie Latham Hatcher gave up what promised to be a brilliant career as Professor of English at Bryn Mawr and went back to Virginia to help the women and girls of the South in their transition from the old traditions of what a lady should be and do into the modern world where a woman stands on her own feet as an individual. The Southern Woman's Educational Alliance was formed, schools and colleges for girls were influenced to give their courses a more professional direction, and educational doors—hitherto barred to women—were thrown open. Nor did the Alliance direct its attention only to the girls who had the means and the desire for some form of higher education. Girls and women in backwoods and isolated districts were aided to overcome their handicaps, to train themselves to take their places in the new world which was beckoning to women, and opportunities were extended to the poor, the deaf, the blind, and the crippled.

Out of the background experience of those years Dr. Hatcher has prepared the present handbook on vocational guidance which is also, between the lines, a record of what has been gained in the South and the fields which remain to be conquered. Specialists from all parts of the country have assisted to make the scope of information national rather than southern—a definite attempt to bring the southern woman into closer affiliation with national associations of women and national currents of thought. To the writers of most handbooks a fact is a fact. To Dr. Hatcher economic facts concerning women are partly fact but very largely viewpoint. Above her descriptions of the various fields of work sounds an overtone argument of the worth and dignity of woman's work, of courage and faith and perseverance, which makes the Northerner realize sharply against how binding a tradition the southern woman still has to struggle. The handbook is issued specifically to assist the southern girl in her choice of occupation but it may be hoped that in addition to this definite purpose the book will add to the understanding and coöperation of the North in the economic progress of the southern woman.

COLLECTING HOOKED RUGS. By *Elizabeth Waugh* and *Edith Foley*. Century. $2.50.
YOUNG ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER. By *Fairfax Downey*. Minton, Balch. $2.
MORIOLE, CANEVARI AND OTHERS. By *G. O. Hobson*. Little, Brown.
VENEERS AND PLYWOOD. By *E. Vernon Wright* and *Meinrad Walpi*. Ronald. $6.
THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE SEA. By *E. Keble Chatterton*. Longmans. $3.50.
EUROPA, 1927. Edited by *Michael Farbman*. Harpers. $5.
AUCTION AND CONTRACT BRIDGE CLARIFIED. By *Lelia Hattersley*. McBride. $2 net.
SAVING EYESIGHT AFTER MID-LIFE. By *Dr. J. Herbert Waite*. Harvard University Press. $1.
SHOULD WE BE VACCINATED? By *Bernhard J. Stern*. Harpers. $1.50.
THE COMMONPLACE BOOK OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. By *Gilbert Chinard*. Johns Hopkins Press. $4.
A NATURALIST AT THE ZOO. By *E. G. Boulenger*. Brentanos.
UNDER THE NEW CITY. By *David Thorne*. Palatine, 1674 Broadway, New York.
VENTILATION AND HEALTH. By *Thomas D. Wood*. Appleton. $2.
THE CONQUEST OF DISEASE. By *Thurman B. Rice*. Macmillan. $4.50.

Brief Mention

OUR shelf stands thick with books of poetry, many of them, alas, no more than books of mere verse attempting to be poetry. We are elected to comment upon them, but are aware that some poets would almost rather have their books not mentioned at all than be given but a phrase or two in passing. Nevertheless, the abundance in which these books pour from the presses today makes our task necessary. We do not desire to judge these books ruthlessly or by too exalted a standard, but it will be necessary for us considerably to compress our comment.

To begin with the best, the Macmillan Company in London have sent us *John Freeman's* "Solomon and Balkis," much of which we have read with pleasure. It is prefaced by a narration of indebtedness for much of its raw material to Seymour's "Tales of King Solomon," Sir E. A. Wallis Budge's translation of "The Queen of Sheba and Her only Son Menelek," and Dr. Mardrus's "The Queen of Sheba," Englished by E. Powys Mathers. Mr. Freeman is a distinguished poet and has often achieved felicity in moulding this material to his own uses. Yet it seems to us that doggerel often intrudes. There is color and fine phantasy in the matters, however. Bruce Rogers has given a most beautiful typographical design to and William Edwin Rudge has most exquisitely printed 550 copies of *John Drinkwater's* "Persephone," a poem written by Drinkwater in 1924. The poem itself does not greatly impress us. It sets us thinking with what finality of phrase the late Stephen Phillips would have written it, and with what remarkable epithet. Nothing of such phrase or epithet is here. The poem by another hand would not have merited the distinction of so fine a setting. We are perhaps hard to please. Here are "Twenty Sonnets" by *Gustav*

(*Continued on next page*)

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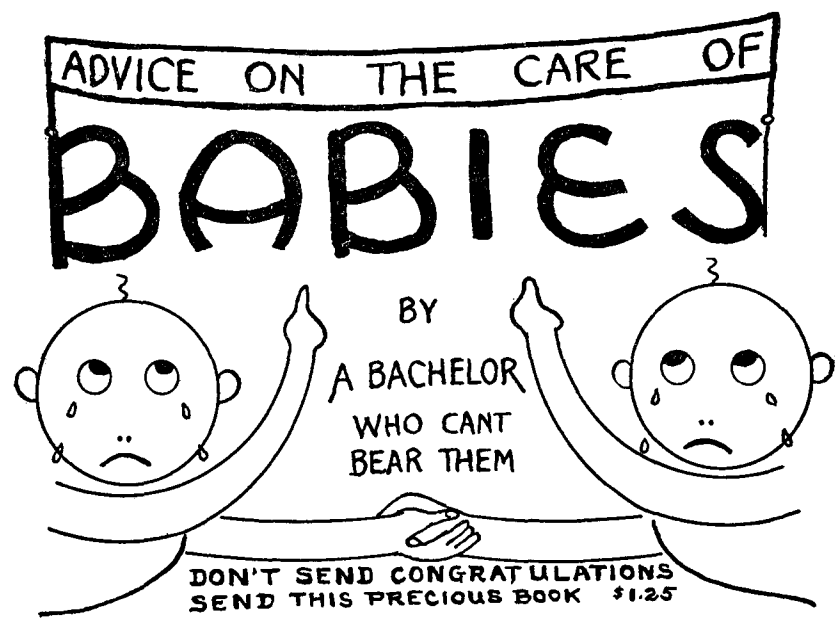

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Brief Mention

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Davidson, published as one of the Blue Faun publications. They have some resounding lines, they possess the poetic impulse, they tell an old tale of tragic love, but not one of them wholly satisfies us. We took up "Poems of a South African," the collected verse of *A. Vine Hall*, published by Longmans, Green at $3, with considerable interest. But our interest withered almost immediately upon examining it. Mr. Hall is but a mildly pleasant journalistic poet when writing amusing anecdotes of children and tedious in his rather inflatedly prosaic style when writing longer poems of South Africa. But in "High Passage," by *Thomas Hornsby Ferril* (Yale University Press: $1.25), we struck something decidedly better. There is originality here. Poems like the title poem, "The Empire Sofa," "The Hands of Joseph Smith," "The Midnight Rainbow" are memorable and have atmosphere. While Mr. Ferril's style is not yet perfected, he uses the material to his hand in experience of and legend of the west, with an individual touch. We shall look hopefully for his next book. He is this year's *Nation* prize poet.

Hart Crane's "White Buildings" is prefaced by Allen Tate (Boni & Liveright: $2). On the jacket Eugene O'Neill commends the work. The book is dedicated to Waldo Frank. The poetry in it is highly cerebral, difficult to comprehend. "Mr. Crane," asserts Mr. Tate, "wields a sonorous rhetoric that takes the reader to Marlowe and the Elizabethans.." Well, hardly that, but his fortunate phrases are more than a few. We agree with Mr. Tate that "Crane's poems are a fresh vision of the world, so intensely personalized in a new creative language that only the strictest and most unprepossessed effort of attention can take it in,"—save for the "new creative language." The phrase, "new creative language," actually means little or nothing. "The important contemporary poet," as Mr. Tate calls him, is determined upon hieroglyphics which do not always indicate subtlety. And the uncomfortable suspicion will not leave us that Mr. Tate himself is sometimes talking nonsense. At any rate, his somewhat tedious and aloof explanation of Mr. Crane has rather put us off. Mr. Crane's poetry is intensely mannered, intensely self-conscious. It, too, is aloof, intellectual. It often rapes language under the impression that it is paying expression the highest possible compliment by being almost understandable. Again, it occasionally finds effective words. We haven't the slightest idea what a good deal of it means. But then ours must be the critical intelligence that is at present so far behind the creative impulse, as Mr. Tate points out. Still, we have only our own intelligence to go by.

And our own response to beauty. A thin black book published by W. Paul Cook at the Recluse Press, Athol, Massachusetts, woke the response in us. The book is sold by the Chelsea Book Shop, 365 West 15th Street, this city, for $1.50. It is titled "The Hermaphrodite: A Poem," by *Samuel Loveman*. We read the preface to it, written by Benjamin De Casseres, and we felt that the poem was being overpraised. Then we read the poem and found magic in it, to no such degree as De Casseres found it, but magic nevertheless, and beautiful, stately, wistful language, as if it were written (in Mr. Loveman's words) "in lovely, dead, enamoured Greek." The epithet was never brilliant, but the poem moved, as De Casseres had said, with spontaneity. It is not a major poem, but it is more finely wrought than most contemporary poetry and has the true classic touch.

"The Best Poems of 1926" are selected again by *L. A. G. Strong*, author of "Dublin Days" and "The Lowery Road," who selects each year an anthology from various magazines and publications. There are a number of good things in this year's garland. There is great variety. "The Waxworks" is the best poem we have ever seen of *John Freeman's*. *Joseph Auslander's* "Steel" is notable narrative. For a short poem, *Laura Riding Gottschalk's* "Many Gentlemen" is delightful. *George O'Neil's* "Young Icarus" has shining brilliance. There are many other good ones. There are such poets included as *Elinor Wylie*, *Louis Untermeyer*, *Humbert Wolfe*, *Siegfried Sassoon*, the late *Amy Lowell*, and so on. Mr. Strong's choice is tinged with strong individuality, and this attribute gives tang to his little book.

In *Robinson Jeffers*, "The Man and Artist," the late *George Sterling* paid a generous and enthusiastic tribute to the latest distinguished poet that the far west has brought forth. His brochure cannot be called by any means a classic of literary appreciation, however. It is somewhat rambling and not too well written. Nevertheless it serves to tell us a little more about a poet who, now that Sterling himself is gone, takes his place as the leading poet of the Coast. And the spirit with which Sterling wrote the book is heart-warming.

So we come to the books to no one of which we can accord much mention. We have gone through them carefully but have been particularly moved by none. From England we have received "Questings," by *H. Phelps Clawson* (Elkin Mathews). There is technical ability in it, but nothing is very freshly said. Here is "The Tiger of the Moon," for you to judge by, one of the most vivid pieces in the volume:

Among the dim blue marshes of the mist,
There on the slopes of darkness you have lain
Watching the lash of lightning and the fist
That shakes the silver lances of the rain.
And when the towers of the sunset fall
You rise from your cloud-hidden lair to take
The golden mantle of their seneschal—
Until the hunters of the morn awake.

And here are twenty-nine odes of *Anacreon* (Gerald Howe, 23 Soho Square) rendered into English verse by *Doris Langley*, designed for the lay reader. They "aim rather at interpreting the spirit of Anacreon than at strictly reproducing his letter; but no wanton liberties have been taken with the text." We quote the opening verse from the twentieth ode:

Once at the midnight hour, when Ursa crept
with Arcas round their starry coil,
And all the tribes of human creatures slept,
Subdued by toil,
I heard one beating loudly at my portals,
And then I called, in wrath awaking,
"Why, who is this comes rudely breaking
The dreams of peaceful mortals?"

"Runes and Cadences: Being Ancestral Memories of Old Heroic Days," by *R. Emmet Kennedy* (Dodd, Mead: $2), is a mingled prose and verse inspired by Gaelic legend, preluded in the sections by bars of certain old melodies of Celtic flavor. To a student of Irish myth and song the book will make its chief appeal, not to the average reader. "Songs from the Heart of a Boy," by *Jesse L. Lasky, Jr.* (Boni & Liveright: $2), is a youth's first volume, with occasional felicities in it and much that he will soon outgrow. "The Vision Beatific," by *Rev. John D. Walshe, S. J.* (Macmillan: $1), is a long religious poem in old-fashioned style, on the way through which we failed and faltered. "The Bubble Blower's House," by the notable American poet *Anna Hempstead Branch* (New York: Adelphi), is light and gay and almost a nursery rhyme. It is charmingly illustrated by *Clarissa Ragsdale*. It is a little toy ballad that Miss Branch has fashioned for her own amusement. Another volume from the Adelphi Company is "Cinema," by *Eugene Jolas*, an Alsatian whose heart is in America. He is introduced by Sherwood Anderson. "My rhythms grow epileptic," Jolas sings, and it's a fact. He also often dispenses with capital letters and with punctuation. Some of his poems are quite long and haul in everything he happens to think of at the moment. Yet in most of his work he is saying something, commenting upon the characteristically American life around him,—if only the confusion of which he is a part did not drown out his voice.

"A Tallow Dip," by *Richard R. Kirk*, in the little bookfellow series (The Bookfellows: Chicago), is packed with pithy, epigrammatic verses. Some are quite pleasant on the palate. "The Drummer of Fyvie and Other Verse," by *Faith Van Valkenburgh Vilas* (New York: The Reader Publications. Louise E. Hogan), comes from a well-known poet, author of a number of volumes. We cannot quite forgive Mrs. Vilas for adapting the metrical device of the refrain of Alfred Noyes's "The Highwayman" to her own uses in her title poem. Certain metres become inextricably associated with certain poems as popular as "The Highwayman." Mrs. Vilas's verse is otherwise not often remarkable, but, especially in her poems of farm life, there is sometimes a charming simplicity and suavity.

"Sappho and Phaon," a lyrical drama by *Marian Osborne* (Toronto: Macmillan), is fairly negligible as a tribute to the great Greek poet. Years ago *Percy Mackaye* wrote a drama, "Sappho and Phaon," far superior in every way. "Viareggio and Other Poems," by *Max de Schauensee* (Dorrance), "Pandora and Other Poems," by *Agnes Yarnall* (Dorrance), and "Dawn Stars," by *Lucia Trent* (Henry Harrison: 144 MacDougal Street), all contain verse of some, but not great, merit. "Sapphire Nights," by *Edna Denham Raymond* (A. & C. Boni), is rather inferior to these.

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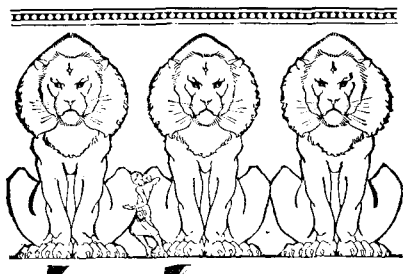

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The Reader's Guide

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A BALANCED RATION

FIVE WEEKS. By *Jonathan French Scott* (Day).

THE ALLINGHAMS. By *May Sinclair* (Macmillan).

REVOLT IN THE DESERT. By *T. E. Lawrence* (Doran).

M. H., Princeton, N. J., asks for light on "the Curse of St. Ernulphus," which he has heard, or read somewhere, is of especial severity, but he can find nothing about either malediction or saint.

SOMEHOW, having friends in Harvard, it makes me shiver a trifle when a Princeton man asks me a question like that.

It doesn't seem natural that Arnulf, or Ernulphus, should have been Bishop of Rochester, one of those "old 'uns" for whom Durdle's hammer was continually tapping in "Edwin Drood." It is so mild, not to say sleepy a town; even in the twelfth century it must have been placid as a crop-full bird. Yet sometime before 1124 Ernulphus evolved, from unexplained reservoirs of disapproval, the vivacious malison that bears his name, amazing alike for the recklessness of its language and the explicit nature of its details. You may find it complete, Latin and English in parallel columns, in "Tristram Shandy," when Dr. Slop and Uncle Toby are trying to find language that will fit the case of one Abadiah, who has incurred their dislike by tying some knots. Mr. Shandy brings out this magnificent formula of excommunication, but Uncle Toby, used as he is to the profanity of the troops in Flanders, feels that the blessed Ernulphus really goes a bit too far; he himself would not curse the Devil so. But the Devil, according to Dr. Slop, is cursed like this already, to all eternity. "I am sorry for it," stoutly maintains Uncle Toby.

A one-volume edition of "Tristram Shandy," by the way, is now published by Boni & Liveright, and in good type too.

It was several days after this question came before I could remember where I had read St. Ernulphus's anathema, twenty years ago, and meantime I went searching for it in all sorts of places. In the course of this inquiry Mr. James Branch Cabell blithely sent me up a side-alley that may allure others interested in commination. "The Curse of St. Gengulphus," says he, "was an extremely personal maleficence in the form of a flank attack upon his unfaithful wife. You may find the rather embarrassing details recorded in the First Series of 'The Ingoldsby Legends.'" The gayety of this reply is revealed when you read the poem. It may be added that according to the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends" Gengulphus is the Latinized form of Jingo, for this is the gentleman whose name was formerly so often used in adjurations such as "by the living jingo."

It is astonishing how much I find out by running this department. Earthly life not being long enough, or spreading in enough directions, to make use of it, I thought I was getting it ready for Heaven. But now I see that I have some provision ahead in case I am sent in the other direction.

O. B., Alabama, a free-lance writer, wishes "a clearer working knowledge of grammar learned at school," and asks if there is a combined grammar and rhetoric, also a book on the technique of modern poetry. I infer that it is for reading rather than for composing purposes.

"Good Writing," by Leonard and Fuess (Harcourt, Brace), is a high-school textbook combining grammar and rhetoric: it seems to me practical for such a purpose as this, and those to whom I have often recommended it have found it so. Add to this "Better Writing," by Henry Seidel Canby (Harcourt, Brace); it clarifies the muddle in which so many English students find themselves when at the end of four years they start out to write for themselves and for publication. No other book provides just the sort of help that this one does.

"The Forms of Poetry," by Louis Untermeyer (Harcourt, Brace), is the latest of these manuals: it is a "pocket dictionary of verse," combining a list of terms and a classification of forms, arranged alphabetically, with a sketch of the history of English poetry, compressed to a wafer but not without nourishment. "The Craft of the Poet," by F. W. Felkin (Holt), is the American edition of an English work whose value is greater than its size, for though but an outline, it is one that the student is expected and inspired to fill out for himself. There are brief but wise sections on the classic metres, the combinations of lines into continuous poetry, and the modern revolt against poetic conventions.

D. A. W., Raleigh, N. C.; S. E. W., San Francisco, and G. W. L., Bellingham, Wash., followed with interest the discussion on the merits of various Italian and French dictionaries lately conducted in this department and provided themselves therefrom. Now one wishes an equally good dictionary for German and the others one for Spanish.

MY own suggestion is Arturo Cuyás's "New Spanish-English and English-Spanish Dictionary" (Appleton, $3.50), which has taken the place of the famous work of Velasquez de la Cadeña. It is an abridged dictionary with more than 4,000 modern words and 20,000 acceptations, idioms, and technical terms not in the latest edition of any similar work. The eighth edition of a standard German work, "Flügel-Schmidt-Tanger Wörterbuch für Hand-und Schulgebrauch" (Lemcke), is in two volumes; this is widely used in libraries. I am told that W. D. Whitney's "German-English Dictionary" (Holt, $2.50) satisfied the needs of a young friend of mine at college, and another is using Cassell's "German-English Dictionary" (Funk & Wagnall, $2.50) in making some rather important translations. As before, I welcome advice on this subject based on experience, either in translating or field use.

LIGHT and pleasant novels continue to drift in even now: *"Detroit"* has just forwarded Simeon Strunsky's "Professor Latimer's Progress" (Holt), a "clever, witty medley," Frederick Niven's "A Tale that Is Told" (this utterly charming book is out of print, but maybe readers could get it secondhand or in libraries), Phyllis Bottome's "Belated Reckoning"—"the same sort of delightfully maddening servants one encounters in G. B. Stern's 'Thunderstorm;'" Henry Harland's "My Lady Paramount" (come to think of it, there should be possibilities in this for Mr. Zukor); J. C. Snaith's gay and witty "Araminta" (Appleton); Julian Street's "Mr. Bisbee's Princess," and Allen Updegraff's "Second Youth" (a delightful extravaganza of a New York silk salesman).

AN anonymous upstate searcher for the stenographer who married her boss reports that two came pretty near it: Wade wanted Sally in Elizabeth Newport Hepburn's "The Wings of Time," and May Sinclair's Mary Olivier missed marrying her boss by ten days—"but," says my informant, "Richard could stand her in the room when he was writing his 'Euripides.'" As Stacy Aumonier was one of the writers whose short stories ranked high in favor in the "Three Star" symposium, it should be noted that he has a new volume of them, "The Baby Grand" (Holt), that I have found both entertaining and substantial; certain of these linger in the mind by reason of rightmindedness.

CLARENCE STRATTON, Director of English in Cleveland's schools, and author of "Producing in Little Theatres" (Holt), is delighted to find that I did not notice the sutures in the edition of Trelawny's "Adventures of a Younger Son" that he prepared for Harcourt, Brace. As a matter of fact, he reduced the text from some 200,000 words to fewer than 95,000. It may be recalled that I said I read it for the first time in this form and would not have known that it had been cut. *Rev. Charles C. Bubb, D.D.*, Secretary of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Ohio, tells me that there is a very good edition of this work in two volumes, in Bohn's Popular Library, new edition, and that the type is easy to read. This is a good chance to tell parents, teachers, and librarians that Harcourt, Brace is just bringing out an adventure story for boys by a new writer—new to me at least—"The Adventures of a Trafalgar Lad," by John Lesterman, whose dignified, almost reticent style in setting forth scenes of swift and startling action is in the manner of the older narratives. It is rare enough to find a smashing story for boys written in admirable English; here is one I shall keep at hand.

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Points of View

Apollinaire

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

In "Prejudices" (Fifth Series), H. L. Mencken devotes some pages to Guillaume Apollinaire and quotes a writer who declares that Apollinaire was the son of an archbishop and a noble Polish lady, that he was born in Rome and baptized in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. Mencken says that on the contrary Apollinaire, "like all the French with a sense of humor," was a German Jew, that his name was Speiseweisser and his mother's Schmidt, and that he was born in Germany.

I knew Apollinaire, and I thought he looked as if he had Jewish blood. He always denied this himself and even resented it. Just before the war he challenged to a duel a journalist who had written that he was a Jew, and exacted a public withdrawal of the statement. Yet he was not anti-Semitic; more than once in his writings he speaks favorably and even with liking of the Jews, and he had many Jewish friends. At least one of these, Max Jacob, who although a Catholic by religion is a Jew by race, has said that there was nothing specifically Jewish about Apollinaire. He gave me the impression of being shy, especially with women, and Jews are not often that. Like many shy people, men and women, he considered himself and others in an ironical way which with him was never bitter. He was very good-natured and willing to help others, and those are more Jewish than Christian characteristics—at least so I have found.

Shortly after his death I published in Albert Jay Nock's paper, *The Freeman*, an article on Apollinaire in which I gave the facts as to his birth and origin so far as they are known. I said that his name was Wilhelm Apollinaire Kostrowitzky, that he was born in Rome, baptized in the Church of St. Mary-Major, and spent his youth in Nice, where he attended the Lycée. These statements have never been controverted and I don't see how they can be. His widow has all the official documents, including the certificate of baptism. Several of his schoolmates remember him perfectly well at Nice. When he joined up for the war his *livret militaire*, which is in his widow's possession, was inscribed with his name as I have given it. At that moment it would have been a very serious thing for him if he had made a false declaration: it might have cost him his life. Again, when he was so unjustly accused and imprisoned in the case of the robbery from the Louvre, there was some talk of expelling him from France. His antecedents were thoroughly investigated by the French police and his identification documents were found to be authentic.

The algebraical *X* in Apollinaire's ancestry is his father. His mother, whom I saw a few times, was a Polish Catholic, very devout and also superstitious, and very Slav in character. When her son was at the war she sent him ikons of various kinds, scapulars, and medals. She survived him and had Masses said for his soul. She did not seem to understand the value of her son Guillaume—whom, by the bye, she always called Wilhelm—and seemed more interested in his brother. For the "noble Polish lady" I should not care to vouch; but I cannot tell. After all, nobility has as many grades in Poland as it used to have in Russia. She had at least one sign of genuine nobility, and that was a total indifference to what other people thought of what she did. Strangely enough, Apollinaire, his brother in Mexico, and their mother were all swept off the earth within a few months of one another.

As I say, the puzzle which remains, and perhaps will always remain, is who and what was his father? It was himself who put about the legend of the archbishop. And he invented for himself other picturesque and romantic paternities. When such things are done it is generally a sign that the paternity is not very clear, or, at any rate, that it will not bear looking into. But an air of mystery clung about Apollinaire, and he was glad to thicken the mystery. Among the young Frenchmen who followed him and marvelled at him there was not one who had the clue. He was a magician, a wonder-worker, like the magicians of old, Simon and Paracelsus and Merlin, and there was something magical in his passage on earth.

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Whitman Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

One of the most cosmic idiocies ever perpetrated is the notion that Walt Whitman is an innovation. The Right Thinkers, needless to say, briefly remark that he is a bounder, or, at the least, an ass (see comment by Sydney Lanier); but the pseudo-esthetes (bless their little, mystical tin hearts and harps!) would have it that he is a veritable locomotive of literature—brand new, and shining with inhibitions. This theory is the most comical monstrosity encountered in many a day. (I will here say that the more intelligent have always recognized his antecedents, but others have not).

Now, I should like to quote a magnificent poem of mine, which was written when I was six, or thereabouts. I claim nothing for the merits of the poem itself, although it is my fond belief that it represents fine art at its best, but my primary purpose in giving it here is to show my point. Here is the gem:

THE KILLER

(1)

Moansa the killer,
He who wandereth.
Ah! those padded feet
Like the feet of a panther
trod that grassy soil.

(2)

Like a snake he cometh.
Look! he raiseth that cruel spear!

(b)

Oh! that crushing blow!
May I never see that spear again.

Thus it is, inexplicable division (1), (2-a), (2-b), and all. I do not quote it to illustrate my early mastery of the poetic art, but to show that this tendency—much further extended as in the case of Whitman—may be infused by ancestral blood into the very babe himself. I'll admit that my above masterpiece little resembles Whitman even at his worst, and more nearly approaches the inspired Longfellow and his wondrous Hiawatha, Mudweashka, and the rest; but the tendency to tear madly around the scenery to the tune of untrammeled verse is there.

To discover this *motif* carried to its utmost extent you should consult the Bible, which after all contains certain works of very great beauty. I refer you, just for an example, to the renowned Song which is alleged to have been sung by the redoubtable Solomon, he of the trillion *fraus*. More clear and limpid than Whitman, although without Whitman's ideas, or any idea at all other than to produce voluptuous music, Whitman's "innovation" is here found. Whitman obtained much of his theory directly from this book. His poems are chants, just as the Bible poems are chants, and in their skeletons they are amazingly similar. Whitman did bring forth his inhibitions, but to say that they got their first birth in his mind is nonsense.

I have said nothing new. To say nothing new is becoming tragic: we all do it now. But if I have convinced any long-haired ass that Whitman was not strictly original, or any Fundamentalist that Whitman certainly can be no bounder if we are to judge from our Book (how many Fundamentalists have ever read the Song of Solomon?) I shall be happy for at least a little while.

JAMES G. WING

Mechanicsburg, Ohio.

A Poe Society

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

The Edgar Allan Poe Society of Baltimore was created by a small group of Baltimoreans in January, 1924, for the purpose of cherishing the name and fame of the poet in the city which furnished him such important inspiration during his life and which holds all that remains mortal of his body. Through its efforts the grave in Westminster Churchyard has received adequate care and preservation, and through annual public observances, addresses each year by an outstanding authority on the poet, interest is created in the personality and work of Poe. As a further step in its program an exhibit of first editions and objects connected with his life was held this year, and this will be repeated in 1929 on a larger scale. Over 400 people visited the exhibit in 1927, from many sections of the country.

There still remain many cherished objects for the Society to accomplish. Reminders of the poet still existing in the city should be preserved and restored, relics collected and brought together in an accessible place for public appreciation, and a city memorial, perhaps containing a collection of Poe's works, established. These, while of particular interest to Baltimoreans, it is felt, are also of interest to every admirer of the poet in all parts of the country. It is therefore felt that, whereas in the past membership in the Society has been limited to Baltimoreans, it may properly now be offered to all who call themselves friends of our first poet. Membership dues are one dollar and five dollars a year and may be sent to the treasurer, Mr. S. Page Nelson, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland. The officers for the current year are: Honorary president, Lizette W. Reese; president, John C. French; secretary, Caroline Hayden, and vice president,

KENNETH REDE.

4 Norwood Place, Baltimore, Md.

The Short Story

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

In a recent editorial you tell us that the art of the short story is dead, and that its spirit has gone into the novel of flowing consciousness. Mr. Lloyd Morris says that in America the short story is bankrupt. There is plenty of machinery for turning it out, but no material to put into it. That you are both right, in the main, goes without saying. The inartistic short story, compounded of pep and hokum, flourishes like a lusty weed. The artistic short story—not the stodgy character-study which often poses as art, but the wistful and delicate flower of tragedy and ironic pity—this withers on its stem. America has no soil to sustain it.

Yet the writers are not altogether to blame. They are the victims of ingenuity, not—as Mr. Morris says—of too much technique. Technique in any art is held to include whatever is not individual and original to the artist. Cultural background and a broad knowledge of literary standards are as much a part of technique as the mechanical structure is. Writers who have been misled into believing that stories can be built upon the same principles of meaningless intricacy that characterize cross-word puzzles, and with about as much emotional content, may give the name of technique to their trick-work, but the higher technique of charm and clarity in word-handling is beyond them.

Nevertheless, we have artists enough to keep the art alive. What we need is an art-market and an art-loving public. There is a place for stories with a punch, for stories with a moral, for heroic stories and experimental stories, but if there is a market for the story written with beauty for the sake of beauty, and nothing more, I do not know what it is. Editors, in the main, are splendid fellows, but they are also intense and portentous fellows, serious about weightier things than art, and with ears alert for rumors from the circulation-office. Release an editor from fear, and there is a chance that he might take the risk of publishing something undynamic and unsentimental, for his public to take or leave as they like. Of course, it might be trash. An editor would have to be an artist himself to be sure that the elusive and poignant quality which he felt without comprehending, was the real thing and not an imitation. Perhaps we shall have such editors, some day.

There may be more vitality in the short story than you suspect. What it needs most of all is encouragement and a place to grow in, as an art, with all the reticent beauty and sincerity that the word connotes.

H. M. HAMILTON

Brooklyn.

On the Air

THE following ten magazine articles, selected by a council of librarians as outstanding contributions to the periodical literature of March have been digested and broadcast under the auspices of *The Saturday Review of Literature* by Station WOR.

THOSE STUPID POLICEMEN. George S. Brooks, in *Scribner's*.

Mr. Brooks charges that partly due to the attitude of the average citizen the average policeman is lazy, incompetent, stupid, and dishonest. He cites numerous examples to prove his contention. Then, he constructs his ideal policeman.

THE RISE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. William E. Dodd, in *Century*.

An instalment of a short biography of Abraham Lincoln covering mainly the events in Lincoln's life leading up to the Civil War, his conduct during the war, ending with Lincoln's appointing McClellan to command in the East.

THE AMERICAN SECRET. Thomas T. Read, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

Mr. Read discovers the secret of America's success, analyzes it, tries to adapt American business methods to foreign countries, and finds that after all there are no workers like Americans and hence no place like America.

MUSSOLINI, RED AND BLACK. Francis Hackett, in *Survey Graphic*.

In a special issue of *Survey Graphic* entitled "Fascism and the Spirit of 1776" this article is outstanding. It presents a full length portrait of the genius of the new Cæsarism etched by a master hand in psychological portrayal.

CHEER UP, AMERICA. William Allen White, in *Harper's Magazine*.

This is the open season for strident critics of American life. Mr. White points out for their benefit some of the good things for which our civilization stands, and which they seem in danger of forgetting.

JAPAN LOOKS AT AMERICA. K. K. Kawakami, in *Harper's Magazine*.

A Japanese, resident in America, tells us politely but frankly what his countrymen think of our foreign policy today, and especially our attitude toward Japan, China, and the problems of the Pacific.

THE LAST JUDGMENT. J. B. S. Haldane, in *Harper's Magazine*.

An outstanding English scientist prophesies the end of the world as it might happen, according to the latest finding of science. The earth at last becomes uninhabitable, but man, unconquerable, succeeds in colonizing Venus.

DIVORCE PUBLICITY HERE AND ABROAD. Judson C. Welliver, in *Review of Reviews*.

The New York State Legislature is now considering an act which restricts the reporting of proceedings in divorce litigation. Mr. Welliver reviews similar legislature in England and France, and reports the attitude of many Americans.

MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK. Told to Mary Lawton, in *Good Housekeeping*.

In this instalment of her series, the famous contralto continues the intimate story of her crowded life. She tells mainly of her love for her second husband, Schumann, her work with him in Germany, and her debut in America.

THE LAWS WE ESCAPE. William Seagle, in *American Mercury*.

Thousands of idiotic laws are proposed annually in the legislatures of these Incomparable States which, by the grace of God, do not reach the statute books. Mr. Seagle presents samples of them from all over the country.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

A NEW GWINNETT RECORD

THE letter dated July 12, 1776, eight days after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, signed by John Hancock, Robert Morris, Button Gwinnett, George Read, and Arthur Middleton, Members of the Marine Committee of the Continental Congress, and all Signers, sold at the Anderson Galleries March 16, brought $51,000. It was apparent that a new high record would be created, but the jump from $28,500, the last record for a Gwinnett signature, was not expected. The date of this letter, the early marine document, the signatures of six signers, all important members of the Continental Congress, united to make this the most valuable letter or document ever sold under the hammer. Nevertheless, it was the signature of Button Gwinnett, the rarest of the Signers, that was the main factor, by far, in this letter's reaching this new high record.

The bidding began at $5,000 and in less than a minute had reached $30,000. From this point the advances were in $1,000 bids, Gabriel Wells and Dr. Rosenbach being the bidders. When $51,000 was reached the letter was knocked down to Dr. Rosenbach who was warmly applauded. The purchase of this letter makes five Gwinnett signatures that Dr. Rosenbach has bought in two years at auction paying $14,500, $19,500, $22,500, $28,500, and now $51,000. Each of these sales created a new high record, and it would seem that a figure has now been reached that will not be passed very soon.

For 150 years this letter was in the Ashmead and Ashmead-Clay families, never to have been recognized as other than a relic of the American Revolutionary War days, in which the great-great-grandfather of the recent owner bore no inconspicuous part. John Cecil Clay, reading of the sale of the Gwinnett signature sold in Anderson's for $28,500, recalled that among his family papers, which had not seen the light of day for many years, was one with that elusive name. He searched and found it carefully tucked between the leaves of an old French illustrated book. Mitchell Kennerley gave him an idea of its value and secured the consignment. And here it is pertinent to remark that Mr. Kennerley has sold all of the five documents that have made such wonderful records.

Altogether, 272 historical and literary letters, documents, and manuscripts were sold in this sale bringing a total of $67,274. The next best prices were $625 paid by F. G. Sweet for the Preble documents and reports relating to the Northwestern Boundary dispute with the Netherlands, $600 by Walter M. Hill, of Chicago, for a Thackeray letters of 1858 including a sketch of the great novelist by himself, and $500 by Thomas F. Madigan for a 1793 letter by George Washington to Edmund Pendleton.

About 250 men and women from the cities of the east and middle west were present. Among these were Dr. Herbert Putnam, librarian of the Library of Congress, Owen D. Young, Miss Belle da Costa Greene, director of the Morgan Library; Jerome Kern, A. Edward Newton, Frederick S. Peck and T. W. Best of Boston, and W. T. H. Howe of Cincinnati. Practically all of the leading rare book dealers were present or represented.

GOOD BOOK MAKING

THE *Year Round Bookselling News*, organ of National Association of Book Publishers, says:

"More and more booksellers are finding it profitable to encourage an enthusiasm for good bookmaking among their customers. They call the customer's attention to the excellent typography of a new book and make him eager for it not only for its literary interest but also as a thing of beauty. While there is a growing market for special and limited editions, there are also a great many books issued in the regular trade edition which are distinguished by very fine printing and make a special appeal to the discriminating book-buyer. . . . The annual exhibits of the American Institute of Graphic Arts of the "Fifty Books of the Year" chosen for the beauty of their typography are helping to increase popular interest in good bookmaking. The exhibit is held in New York in May and is then sent to various cities throughout the country. . . . Frank C. Dodd, of Dodd, Mead & Co., elected president of this same society in January, recently said that 'within the next ten years the American public probably will consume twice as many books as it does today, for its appetite for reading is increasing enormously. The last six years have been the most prosperous in the history of the book-trade. American publishers are rapidly becoming the foremost in the world, not only increasing their output but publishing better printed and more artistic books.'"

AN INTERESTING EXHIBITION

THE Horticultural Society of New York and the Garden Club of America have assisted the New York Public Library in making what is believed to be the largest and finest exhibition of garden literature ever attempted in this country. From the numberless books about gardening and allied subjects that have been produced since the early days of civilization, a selection of 400 volumes has been made, ranging from the earliest Persian, Chinese, classical, and European eras down to the international garden literature of our own time, with pictures portraying many of them. The purpose is not only to show how wide and deep and far-reaching interest in gardens has been made since the history of man began, but to stimulate interest in garden lore as well. The Morgan Library is lending some of the earliest manuscripts, one of them by Pliny, who discoursed on nature for the edification of the classic world, and also several of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, inscribed in Gothic letters by hand before the dawn of printing. These are superbly rubricated and illuminated in colors still bright. The period of nearly five hundred years of printing is marvelously well covered. Beside the work of other centuries stand specimens of the latest scientific treatises on gardening, now embodying the last word, but destined, of course, to be superseded in time. This is a most attractive exhibition and the book-lovers of New York seem to know it, for they are turning out in great numbers to see it.

Chapman & Hall, of London, announce in their Spring List the forthcoming publication of a new edition of Thoreau's "Walden," with sixteen wood-cut illustrations by E. Fitch Daglish. There will be a limited edition of 100 copies printed on handmade paper, and an effort has been made to give it points of distinction that will appeal to lovers of fine printing.

The current catalogue of Dauber & Pine Bookshops, Inc., of "Fine Rare and Old Books," consisting mainly of the library of the late Arthur Dana Clough, comprising modern first editions, publications of special and private presses, art, the classics, the humanists, old books in contemporary bindings, curiosa, etc., containing 1,262 lots, is handsomely printed, with a cover of typographic distinction. It is printed by the Southworth Press, of Portland, Maine, who rank high as book catalogue makers.

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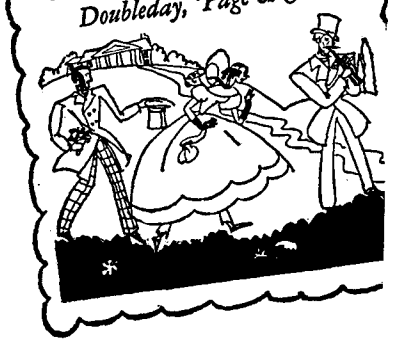

Exaggeration?

Publishers are often accused of a weakness for superlatives. Exaggeration is supposed to be their only form of self-expression. May we, in one instance at least, refute this charge?

Last September, in announcing the publication of *The Romantic Comedians* we said "this is the most brilliant novel of the year." Subsequent critical comment indicates that this was an understatement. For see what skilled and impartial judges have said.

Henry Seidel Canby wrote in the *Saturday Review*: "When a mind as subtle and civilized as Miss Glasgow looks at our generation there are new things to be said, new thrills, new beauties . . ." "Witty, wise and delicious," wrote Carl Van Vechten.

"A brilliancy of dialogue and a competency of analysis which will put Edith Wharton to shame," said the Boston *Transcript*. "A great book, I repeat it, a great book!" wrote John Farrar in *The Bookman*. "Both dialogue and analysis are full of sentences that seem too good to be true," said *The Nation*.

Frances Newman called it "the kind of book I wish the Pulitzer Prize Committee could realize as the most civilized possible picture of the highest standards of American manhood and manners." Dr. Joseph Collins wrote in the N. Y. *Times*: "What Conrad has done for 'Youth' Miss Glasgow has done for old age."

Harry Hansen wrote in the N. Y. *World*: "It is our guess for the Pulitzer Prize for 1926."

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By Ellen Glasgow

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The Phoenix Nest

IF you want to review the chief tendencies of the year 1926-27, *Grant Overton* has gathered together a number of most interesting people to tell you all about it. They do so in "Mirrors of the Year" (Stokes). They include *Mark Sullivan, Clarence Darrow, Elmer Davis, Kathleen Norris, Homer Croy, Muriel Draper, Carl Hovey,* and others. . . .

He whom we think of as the pre-Revolutionary, *Artzibashev,* was only forty-eight years old when he died the other day. "Sanine" was published twenty years ago. It was a sensation. In it man's natural instincts were defined. First the Continent, then London and New York were fascinated by it. The author admitted that he was influenced—not by Nietzsche but by *Max Stirner*. Artzibashev was not a one-book man. He wrote long short-stories, "novellen," and "Breaking-Point," a novel. The Viking Press tells us all this, and adds

Kosciusko, upon whose fall Freedom shrieked, was Artzibashev's maternal great grandfather The author's mother died when he was three years old; "as a legacy she bequeathed me tuberculosis," he wrote. Like many other writers he was proficient in another art: he studied at a school of art and made some reputation as a caricaturist before he turned to letters.

The same publishers have just brought out a volume of poems, "Red Flag," by *Lola Ridge*. Lola Ridge is one of our enthusiasms as a poet. We haven't seen her new book yet, but we are sure it will be full of glorious stuff. "Sun-Up" was, and it has been altogether too long a time since "Sun-Up." . . .

By the way, what a spring it is for good poetry: we can name four new volumes right off the reel that have interested and excited us. First, *George O'Neil,* in "The White Rooster" (Boni & Liveright), has an astonishing book to his credit. Recently in the most select circles there has been much clapping for *Hart Crane* who wrote "White Buildings." But George O'Neil's mastery of language and brilliance of technique make Hart Crane's verbal architechtonics look absolutely gelid. O'Neil has taken a long stride forward, and if we don't look out we shall have another first-rate poet on our hands, one to rank with Frost and Robinson. . . .

There is true magic in some of the poems in *Scudder Middleton's "Upper Night"* (Holt). He too has advanced his standard and given us some beautiful creations. "Astrolabe" by *S. Foster Damon* (Harpers) is fitfully brilliant, glittering with individuality. And "Lost Eden" by *E. Merrill Root* (Unicorn Press), though of lesser merit than any of these, furnishes some true poetic entertainment. . . .

Then, of course, in "Tristram," *Edwin Arlington Robinson* has achieved again,—and, what with Lola Ridge's book coming, we must repeat that it's a great spring for poetry. . . .

We were speaking of the great *Artzibashev* above. His son, *Boris,* inherited his father's ability to draw. One of the son's most recent drawings has been for the jacket of *Evelyn Scott's* "Migrations" (A. & C. Boni). What we have read of "Migrations" we found a solid and vivid reconstruction of the ante-bellum South, of the community of Mimms, Tennessee, in 1850. Mrs. Scott was born in Tennessee, in '93. This new book of hers, as we skimmed it, seemed hardly tinged at all by the neuroticism that gave a sour taste to her earlier work, brilliant, in many respects, as it was. . . .

Sumpun *marvelous* is "an unrivaled panorama of the history and adventure of sea and ships," namely, viz., to wit, "The Sea, Its History and Romance," by *Frank C. Bowen* (McBride). This mighty work is in four big volumes and the set costs twenty dollars, but the plates, culled from old prints and maps and engravings, many reproduced in beautiful color, are a delight to pore over. Ah, to possess these four huge hunting-red volumes and spend a week in the library with them! . . .

Two lighter books that have attracted our attention are "The Magic Casket" by our favorite detective story writer *R. Austin Freeman,* who produced "The Singing Bone," "The Red Thumb Mark," "The Shadow of the Wolf," etc., and has created the interesting "Dr. Thorndike" who, to our mind, now far excels the Sherlock Holmes who has fallen upon his dotage in the pages of *Liberty*. . . .

Well, we got so wound up in *that* sentence that we had no breath left to say "and." The other of the "two lighter books" that we meant to mention is "Launcelot and the Ladies," by *Will Bradley*. It would seem to us that *John Erskine's* "Galahad" may have suggested this quite different but fantastic romance, in which a modern dreamer, touching English yew, enters into the days of the Round Table and lives a double romance thereafter. But then you really might as well say that "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court" suggested it, so different are all three books. Bradley's is light and sentimental romance. . . .

Ludwig Lewisohn has translated from the German and *Mahlon Blaine* has illustrated, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" by *Hans Heinz Ewers,* a horror story of religious hysteria coming to an Italian mountain town. The John Day Company has beautifully made the book. Ewers is a celebrated contemporary German writer. This, his first novel, was originally published in Germany back in 1910. It is the first of his novels to be translated into English. . . .

This week's mail bag was particularly full. The response to the ferocious sonnet idea has been so immediate that we are (comparatively) swamped in ferocious sonnets. *Harry Crosby* has sent one all the way from France. *Leonard Doughty* of Texas has not only provided us with some of his own but has chosen and copied out some fine ones from the great poets of all time. This week we have not room to print any of these sonnets. But next week we shall provide you with a *Ferocious Sonnet Number* of the *Phoenix Nest*. Dead and living bards will be represented. Come early and avoid the rush. . . .

Oh, we forgot to say, that among these sonnets will be two by *Kenneth Slade Alling,* whom we lately requested to contribute. The sequence is entertaining. We thank Ken especially for so prompt an acquiescence and reply. . . .

Power Dalton writes us from Boston, first about the reception given to *Harriet Monroe* on her recent visit. *Mr. Leighton Rollins* was master of ceremonies. Several hundred people attended the luncheon. The table of honor was presided over by *Mrs. Henry Jewett. Leonora Speyer, Grace Hazard Conkling, Nancy Byrd Turner, Curtis Hidden Page, Dallas Lore Sharp,* and others graced the board. Secondly, Power Dalton thanks us for recently printing that poem of *Rupert Brooke's,* the one that is framed in the *Pink and Lily* pub near the English village of Princes Risborough which we visited last summer. . . .

As for the still unsolved mystery as to what a "goofus" is, we receive from Boston the following hint:

The enclosed announcement of this year's Hasty Pudding Club play should interest Abbe Niles and his six jazzists who say "there is no such thing as a goofus" (The Phoenix Nest, March 19, 1927). As the Pudding play is to be given in New York on April 22nd there will be opportunity for these seven to hear and see the goofus. I think they owe it to your readers and to themselves to buy seats for the show. This same Henderson "stopped" last year's Pudding play with his goofus-playing.

The *Henderson* referred to is *C. E. Henderson,* '28, who is mentioned in the announcement as "top-sergeant of them all, and also as an actor and Goofus-player." The Pudding Show is its eighty-first annual spring production, is entitled "Gentlemen, the Queen!" and bears the slogan, "What could be fairer—more or less—than a day in the life of Good Queen Bess?" . . .

From Cannes *Howard Vincent O'Brien* tells us that there is a clue to the baffling popularity of *Mr. Guest*. He writes:

Think of him as "Eddie," not as "Edgar A." And then consider this: at a certain commercial banquet, the oratorical semi-windup dealt with aspects of synthetic chemistry. The next to speak was Mr. Guest, the peoples' poet. He rose, surveyed the weary throng, and said: "We have listened to the improving words of Professor Blank. He has told us everything about chemistry except the thing I wanted most to know, namely—what I should put on spinach so my kid will eat it."

From then on the audience was, as we say, one hundred per cent his!

It is this ability to hit the lowest common denominator of the public emotion which obliges his publisher to buy paper in carload lots. Whatever he may be as a poet, as a salesman he is an authentic genius.

Which gives us a new idea. We have now *two* swell tributes to Edgar to reprint in this column. Won't some of our darling readers come across with more, that an *Edgar A. Guest Number* of *The Phoenix Nest* may blossom as the rose? Think it over. Let us hand a regular whopper of a nosegay to this modern Burns.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*

SIMON *and* SCHUSTER

Publishers · 37 West 57th Street · *New York*

One of the alluring things about an intimate column like this is the opportunity it affords for setting down items that are ruthlessly deleted by the cold-blooded copy-writers in the advertising department. A recent flourish for *The Story of Philosophy* began, quite fittingly, we thought, with a quotation from John Milton, but the high-pressure lads thought it didn't have sufficient "selling punch". Out it went, and now that we have a chance to salvage the quotation in this more private vehicle, back it goes:

How charming is divine Philosophy,
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

This quotation is our favorite answer when inquiring reporters ask for an explanation of the unprecedented sale of *Will Durant's* 592-page book, at $5. *The Story of Philosophy* is now in its nineteenth large printing. 137,421 copies were sold up to 10 o'clock this morning.

Our recent double-page advertisement in *The New York Times,* characterizing *The Story of Philosophy* as the best of the best-sellers in every city of these United States except

Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Kalamazoo, Michigan
Traverse City, Michigan
Eau Claire, Wisconsin
Savannah, Georgia
Stamford, Connecticut *and*
Pasadena, California

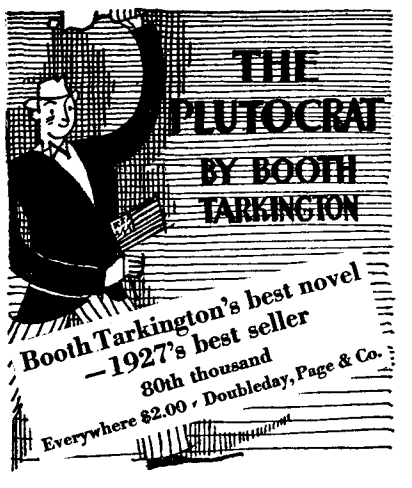
brought down upon this unprotected retreat a barrage of telegrams from the hinterland. The embattled librarians, book-sellers, ministers and teachers of Stamford refuted the allegation with sales statistics ranking *The Story of Philosophy* first by a wide margin; the livest Chamber of Commerce in Wisconsin pointed to *Durant's* book as the outstanding best-seller, not only in Eau Claire proper but in all its outlying suburbs, environs, and abutting areas; the bell-ringers of Traverse City, Michigan, alone were forced to admit the soft impeachment.

We pause for a reply from the illuminati of Cedar Rapids, Kalamazoo, Savannah, and Pasadena.

According to all the rules of the game, every intimate gossip column must contain at least one "now-it-can-be-told" paragraph. Here 's ours: *Liggett Reynolds,* the mysterious author of *Sweet and Low,* that "smashing indictment of the younger generation" which paralyzed *F. P. A.'s* diaphraghm and seriously threatened the vertebrae of *Will Rogers,* is none other than *Robert A. Simon* (not a member of the firm), novelist, detective story writer, music critic of *The New Yorker,* harmonica virtuoso, anthologist of *The New York Wits,* and raconteur-at-large.

Coming Attractions: Forthcoming tidings and tidbits from the inner sanctum will include an important announcement from Vienna concerning *Franz Werfel's* next book, an interview with *Arthur Schnitzler* on a subject of timely interest, a private letter from a fair young novelist of the Southland, the first revelation of the full names of the *Whoops Sisters,* and an indiscreet foot-note on a recent book which has sold more than a million copies.

—ESSANDESS



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